The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, *27,* Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* April *will be noticed in the* May *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th May, *in the* June *number.*

THE BOOKMAN DIRECTORY.

The 'Bookman Directory' of Booksellers, Publishers, and Authors, is now in the press, and will be ready about the beginning of May. It contains a very complete and exact list of booksellers in Great Britain and Ireland, with their specialities, made expressly for the volume. The list of London booksellers will, it is believed, be found particularly useful. Short histories are given of the leading publishing houses. A list of living authors closes the volume. The private addresses are given, in most instances, by permission.

Further particulars will appear in the May number.

NEWS NOTES.

Mr. William Watson has returned from Switzerland, and has joined his mother at Southend. All his admirers will be glad to hear that Mr. Watson has completely recovered, and that so long as he keeps from overwork or undue excitement there is, we are assured, no danger of a return of his malady. He will not, however, do any serious work for some time to come, and if his mother is sufficiently strong to accompany him, will probably travel in the early summer. His 'Eloping Angels,' which will be published shortly by Messrs. Mathews and Lane, was written shortly before his famous Tennyson poem, and is so entirely different from anything else he has done that it will come as a surprise even to those who are well acquainted with his work.

Readers on both sides of the Atlantic will be interested to hear that the veteran Dr. Oliver Holmes is now engaged in writing his autobiography. As Dr. Holmes is the last of a famous literary generation, this volume will have a peculiar interest, as it will contain reminiscences of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Lowell, Emerson, Bryant, Whittier, Thoreau, and many other literary celebrities.

Mr. Quiller-Couch is making good progress with his novel. He is still working at Fowey, in Cornwall, and the story will be Cornish. One of the most picturesque incidents in Mr. Quiller-Couch's uncollected short stories begins the book.

Professor Henry Drummond sailed on the 22nd March for New York to deliver his course of Lowell Lectures in Boston, which, as we mentioned before, are to be on "The Evolution of Man." Professor Drummond proposes to redeliver them at Chautauqua, and does not intend to issue them in volume form for some time. Authorised reports of the lectures will appear in the *British Weekly.*

We have received from America a specimen cover of Mr. S. S. McClure's new magazine, the publication of which was first announced in our columns last year. Mr. McClure hopes to start in May, and he is taking the bold step of publishing the magazine at fifteen cents. Those who know his energy and resources will expect great things from this periodical. The possibilities of what is virtually a sixpenny magazine in America have perhaps never till now been fairly tried.

It is stated that Mr. George A. Woodberry is to write the authorised Life of James Russell Lowell. Mr. Woodberry, who has issued a valuable edition of Shelley, is well known as a good critic, and has contributed largely to the *Nation.* He is also the author of a poem which as yet is only privately printed, but those who have read it declare it to be of great mark.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written an ode to celebrate the opening of the Imperial Institute in May next. It will be published in one of the monthly magazines.

The serial publication of Mr. Walter Besant's next novel has been arranged so as to allow him to go to Chicago this year, where, with Mr. S. S. Sprigge, he will represent the Society of Authors at the Literary Convention to be held there.

Mr. John Hollingshead is about to write his reminiscences.

Sir Edwin Arnold proposes to return again to Japan. It is reported even—but we are far from vouching for the truth of this—that he intends to be naturalised there.

Mr. Murray kindly informs us that Professor Minto's book on logic is now at press, and though he cannot at present fix the actual date of publication, he hopes to bring it out in the course of the next month or two. Messrs. Blackwood have his little treatise on prose composition almost ready. It did not receive Professor Minto's very last corrections, but all the proofs have been seen by himself.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford's 'Aunt Anne' seems to have had almost as great a success in America as in this country, several thousands of copies having been disposed of within the first month or two after publication.

The offices of "The English Library" have been moved from 2, Dean's Yard, Westminster, to 33, Bedford Street. Among the volumes recently added to this series are 'Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp,' 'Irish Idylls,' by Jane Barlow, 'Oriole's Daughter,' the posthumous work of the late Jessie Fothergill, and Mrs. Macquoid's new novel, 'Berrie.' The Company is also issuing an edition of Mr. Harry Furniss' 'Flying Visits,' with most of the original illustrations.

Mr. Douglas Sladen's papers on Canada, which began in the *Queen* newspaper in the issue for March 18th, will be republished in book form. Among the points of interest in the Dominion which will be described by Mr. Sladen are Novia Scotia (the home of Evangeline), Montreal, Quebec, the ancient capital, St. Anne's P. Q., the Canadian home of Tom Moore, Lac Eauclair, with a description of life in the Backwoods, Vancouver, the seaport of the twentieth century, and the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. Mr. Sladen spent nearly two years travelling in Canada. His book of travels in Japan, 'The Japs at Home,' is now in a third edition.

Mr. George Moore has nearly completed a new novel in which he deals elaborately with the life of the poor. The story describes the career of a servant girl, and is among the most elaborate the author has written.

We hope next month to give an account of that very promising young writer, Mr. Francis Adams, who is at present residing in Cairo.

Sir George Douglas, whose 'New Border Tales' have been favourably received, and have attracted the admiration of such judges as Mr. Thomas Hardy, is preparing a selection from contemporary Scottish poets, but it will not be published till the autumn. Sir George Douglas proposes to reside in London, and engage in literary work for a year.

Gilbert Parker, the Canadian novelist, who has been in New York for the past few weeks, has sailed for London, where he means to spend at least six months every year. He left New York a little earlier than he had planned in order to be present at the first production of his new play in London. Before his departure he sold another drama to E. J. Henley, the well-known actor.

Mr. Parker went out to America in December, shortly before his story, 'The Chief Factor,' was published here in the Christmas number of *Good Words*. Mr. Parker, being on the spot, at once took the necessary steps to copyright the novel in the States, and that he was wise in doing so is amply proved by the fact that before he left he had the satisfaction of knowing that no less than thirty thousand copies of the book had been sold.

We take the following paragraph from the *Athenæum* of November 3rd, 1883:—"Mr. George Meredith is engaged upon two new novels. They are called 'Saxon *v.* Celt,' and 'An Amazing Marriage.'

Mr. Louis N. Parker, the author of 'David,' has hitherto been known in London as a dramatist, and some surprise was expressed when, on March 21st, he appeared in the light of a musical composer, having written the setting for Mrs. Willard's operettas produced at the Trafalgar Square Theatre. As a matter of fact, Mr. Parker was a musician first, a dramatist afterwards. For many years he was music-master at Sherborne School, where he raised the standard of the Easter oratorios to a level far above a public school average. It was not till long after he had been well known there as the composer of many vigorous school songs, and of a graceful setting to the offertory sentences, that he published his first play, 'The Bracelet,' which was performed during the winter of 1882 by an amateur company recruited chiefly from the ranks of his fellow-masters. Deafness, a malady fatal to musical instruction, finally obliged Mr. Parker to resign his post, and he has for the last year been resident in London, devoting himself entirely to dramatic work.

It is not generally known that Miss Lucy Webling, the charming little representative of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' is more than a little of a poet. She has contributed verses to *St. Nicholas* and other periodicals, and is continually at work upon poetry of one kind or another. Some of her work which we have seen shows real promise, and seems to argue considerable probability of performance.

The first edition of Mr. Jerome's 'Stageland,' which was illustrated by Mr. Bernard Partridge, cannot now be purchased under two guineas.

The late Mr. G. T. Bettany completed before his death 'A Short History of the Reformation,' which Messrs. Ward, Lock, Bowden and Co. contemplate issuing shortly—first in serial form, and afterwards in volume. We hear that the 'History of Guy's Hospital,' which Mr. Bettany was writing in collaboration with Dr. Wilks, F.R.S., at the time of death, and which Dr. Wilks completed with the assistance of Mr. Targett, has been exceedingly well received, the edition being sold out all but a few copies.

Mr. Stanley J. Weyman has now taken his place in the ranks of those popular writers of fiction whose stories are commissioned some years in advance of publication. He is at present at work on the novel the serial publication of which he has arranged to take place during next year.

Mrs. Henry Norman (Ménie Muriel Dowie) has just written a new story, entitled 'Wladislaw's Advent,' which will be published in one of the illustrated monthlies. Mrs. Norman, we understand, proposes to continue to write under her maiden name.

A new three-volume novel, dealing with Australian life and character, will shortly be issued. It is to be entitled 'An Australian Millionaire,' and is by Mrs. A. Blitz, the author of 'Digger Dick's Darling.'

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin is to publish the New Irish Library, which is to appear under the general editorship of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. The first volume of the Library will be Davis's 'Patriot Parliament.'

'The Rebel Queen,' now appearing in the *Illustrated London News*, is said to be the best story Mr. Besant has written.

Miss Esmé Stuart has ready a new novel, entitled 'An Inscrutable Mystery.'

There is a curious mistake in the admirable selections from the British Prose Writers, the first volume of which Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have just published. Professor Ward, who treats of the Elizabethan Thomas Lodge, regrets that the writings of that voluminous pamphleteer have never been collected, and states that many of them are exceedingly difficult to consult. It is odd that Professor Ward should not be aware of the existence of the extremely handsome edition of Lodge's complete works, in four quarto volumes, edited by Mr. Edmund Gosse in 1884—the more so, as in the introduction to that edition a number of documents referring to the career of Lodge were there printed for the first time.

It has been stated in several newspapers that 'Set Free,' the drama in which Miss Elizabeth Robins will shortly appear at the Independent Theatre, is from the pen of Mrs. W. K. Clifford. We are informed, upon the best possible authority, that this statement is absolutely incorrect. The secret of the authorship is known to but three people—the author himself, Miss Robins, and Mr. William Archer.

The portrait of Heine which is prefixed to the collection of his letters just issued by Mr. Heinemann, has rather special interest. It was drawn from life by E. B. Kietz, an artist who lived in Paris for many years, and was an intimate friend of Heine's. It was drawn after Heine had succumbed to paralysis of the eyelids, and the artist has cleverly arranged the head so as to give it the appearance of a downward glance, thus detracting from the suggestion of the poet's infirmity.

It is interesting, by-the-bye, to compare Heine's manuscript before and after his affliction. In his years of health it presents a neat, almost crabbed appearance. But, when paralysis set in, he was only able to see by raising his eyelids with the finger, and wrote on folio sheets in thick blue pencil. His later MSS. are thus of considerable bulk.

This same E. B. Kietz, who drew the portrait mentioned in July, 1851, was not only a clever artist, but a very gifted poet. He left at his death a number of really beautiful verses which have never been published, and their whereabouts is now unknown.

One of the "Two Old Friends" who wrote the article on the late John Pettie, R.A., which appeared in the *British Weekly* of 9th March, is, we understand, Mr. A. P. Watt.

King Edward VI. School, Stratford-on-Avon (the school at which Shakespeare received his education), is about to issue a school magazine, to be entitled, *The Stratfordian*. It will be lifted out of the range of ordinary school magazines, by the fact that the Headmaster's wife, Mrs. R. S. de Courcy-Laffan (better known to the reading world as "Mrs. Leith-Adams") will contribute a serial story for boys, called "St. Kilda's, or The Gift of God." It will be the first time that this writer has given us a story entirely of school life. Essays on Shakspearian subjects will also find a place in the pages of *The Stratfordian*. The editor is Mr. J. A. Williams, of the School House, Stratford-on-Avon.

The portrait of the late Professor Minto in our present issue is reproduced by kind permission of the editor of *Alma Mater*, the Aberdeen University magazine.

Scottish. The Edinburgh Bibliographical Society is a very exclusive literary Association, with a membership strictly limited to seventy. Mr. A. C. Lamb, Dundee, was last week elected a member. Mr. Lamb, who is also an F.S.A.Scot., has been engaged for several years on a work entitled, 'Dundee: its Quaint and Historic Buildings.' Her Majesty the Queen, to whom Mr. Lamb had the honour of submitting for her inspection a few of the illustrations for the volume, was so much pleased with them that she has graciously allowed the work to be dedicated to her. The impression is strictly limited to 500 copies—150 large paper, all of which have already been subscribed for, and 350 small paper. It is expected to be ready about the end of this year. Mr. Lamb has expended upwards of £4,000 on its production.

We are glad to learn from Mr. Andrew Elliot, of Edinburgh, that his 'Book of Edinburgh Portraits,' by Mr. D. O. Hill, with accompanying letterpress, which we announced long ago, is progressing towards publication. Some of the memoirs have yet to be written.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Messrs. Hutchinson.—The Tragedy of Ida Noble, by W. Clark Russell, with over forty illustrations by Everard Hopkins. Under the Great Seal, a novel in 3 volumes, by Joseph Hatton. An illustrated edition of The Cuckoo in the Nest, by Mrs. Oliphant. The Last Tenant, by B. L. Farjeon; Lottie's Wooing, a novel in 3 vols., by Darley Dale. A popular edition of the Life and Times of Sir George Grey, K.C.B., with photogravure portraits. An Insparing Avenger, in 3 vols., by Mrs. Conney. Three new volumes of The Poets and the Poetry of the Century, edited by A. H. Miles—vol. 8 dealing with the Later Poets, vol. 9 the Sacred Poets, and vol. 10 the Poets of Society and Humour. His Wife's Soul, a novel in 3 vols., by Fitzgerald Molloy. The Duchess of Berry and the Court of Charles X., by Imbert de Saint Amand; and the Duchess of Berry and the Revolution of July, 1830, by Imbert de Saint Amand, being two new volumes of the Famous Women of the French Court series. A book of Wise Sayings, by W. A. Clouston. A Brilliant Woman, by the Honourable Mr. Henry Chetwynd. Woman's Enterprise and Genius, by Annie M. Hone, with illustrations. Morris Julian's Wife, by Elizabeth Olmis, with illustrations by Warren B. Davis. A Wild Proxy, by Mr. W. K. Clifford, with illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen. Mr. and Mrs. Herries, by May Crommelin, and a fourth edition of I Forbid the Banns, in 3 vols., by F. Frankfort Moore. The Adventures of Point Despair. The Narrative of a Pursuit by H. B. Marriott Watson. The Matador by Hume Nisbet, with illustrations by the author, and a popular edition of the Japs at Home, by Douglas Sladen, with all the original illustrations.

Mr. Elliot Stock.—A reprint of Captain Cook's Journal of his first voyage from the original MS. under the editorship of Captain Wharton of the Admiralty, with copies of the original, maps and illustrations. A few copies of the book are to be bound in wood from "Captain Cook's tree," which was recently blown down on Clapham Common, a part of which the publisher has secured.

Messrs. Longmans and Co.—Mr. Patchett-Martin's Life and Letters of Lord Sherbrooke (early in the spring). The two volumes will be embellished with five portraits. The work will contain hitherto unpublished letters of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Byron, Sir John Moore, Sir James Outram, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl of Derby, Earl Granville, Marquis of Dufferin, Mr. Gladstone, Viscount Cranbrook, the Master of Balliol, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Sir John Mowbray, and other distinguished persons, together with some specially written reminiscences of Lord Sherbrooke by his friends, Lord Selborne, Professor Jowett, Canon Melville of Worcester, Sir John Simon, K.C.B., Sir Douglas Galton, Sir Thomas Farrer, Hon. Lionel Tollemache, and Mrs. Chaworth Musters. Where Three Empires Meet, by E. F. Knight. A narrative of recent travel in Kashmir, Baltistan, Ladak, Gilgit, and the adjacent countries. Annals of My Life, by Charles Wordsworth, D.C.L., late Bishop of St. Andrews. Second Series. The Memoirs of James, Marquis of Montrose, 1639-1650. By the Rev. George Wishart, D.D. (Bishop of Edinburgh, 1662-1671.) Translated, with Introduction, Notes, etc., and the original Latin (Part II. now first published), by the Rev. Alex. D. Murdoch, F.S.A., and H. F. Moreland Simpson, M.A., F.S.A. A Short History of Ireland. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. In 2 vols., Vol. I., coming down to 1608, ready in April. Parochial Self-Government in Rural Districts: Argument and Plan. By Henry C. Stephens, M.P. Little Raja's Primer of Indian History. By the Rev. G. U. Pope, D.D., Hon. M. A. (Oxon.) The Primitive Saints and the See of Rome. By F. W. Puller, M.A. Meditations and Devotions of the late Cardinal Newman. The Final Passover: A Series of Meditations upon the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. By the Rev. R. M. Benson, M.A. Vol. 3.—The Divine Exodus. Parts I. and II. A Memoir of the Rev. James G. Lonsdale, late Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford. By Russell Duckworth, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. With an introduction by Hon. G. C. Brodrick, Warden of Merton College, Oxford. With Portrait. Theosophy or Psychological Religion: the Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Glasgow in 1892. By F. Max Muller. Essays on Rural Hygiene. By George Vivian Poore, M.D. The Refugees: A Tale of Two Continents. By A. Conan Doyle. Out of Doors in Tsar Land: a Record of the Seeings and Doings of a Wanderer in Russia. By Fred. J. Whishaw. With Frontispiece and Vignette by Charles Whymper. Montezuma's Daughter. By H. Rider Haggard. With Illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen. A new book by Mr. Walter Besant on the Rise and Growth of London, treating of its constitutional history, development of its trade, present government of the City, etc., specially adapted for use as a reading book in the upper standards of elementary schools and in the lower forms of middle-class schools. The Badminton Library. In preparation:—Big Game Shooting. 2 vols. By C. Phillipps-Wolley, W. G. Littledale, Colonel Percy, Fred. Jackson, Major H. Percy, W. C. Oswell, Sir Henry Pottinger, Bart., and the Earl of Kilmorey. With Contributions by other writers. With Illustrations by Charles Whymper and others. Swimming. By Archibald Sinclair and William Henry, Hon. Secs. of the Life Saving Society. With Illustrations by S. T. Dadd, and from Photographs. Yachting. 2 vols. By the Earl of Pembroke, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, the Earl of Onslow, Lord Brassey, Lieut.-Col. Bucknill, Lewis Herreshoff, G. L. Watson, E. F. Knight, Rev. G. L. Blake, R.N., and G. C. Davies. With Illustrations by R. T. Pritchett, and from Photographs. Handbooks for Investors. Vol. I. Practical Hints to Small Investors. Dr. Nansen's New Work.—In preparation.—Esquimaux Life. By Fridtjof Nansen. Translated by William Archer. With Illustrations.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.—A volume of essays on Philosophical subjects, by Mr. D. G. Ritchie, Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxford, including papers on Darwin and Hegel, Plato's Phaedo, Locke's Theory of Property, the Social Contract Theory, the Conception of Sovereignty, etc., dealing with philosophical problems from the point of view of Evolutionist Idealism.

Journalism. The proprietors of the *Pall Mall Gazette* expect to get into their new premises almost immediately. The *Gazette*, the *Budget*, and the *Magazine* will then be published under the same roof.

We are glad to learn that Dr. Robert Brown, of the *Standard*, is restored to health after his severe illness.

Booksellers. We have received from Mr. A. Growoll, of New York, the first part of a book on 'The Profession of Bookselling—practical hints for the apprentice and bookseller.' It is published at the office of our esteemed contemporary, the New York *Publishers' Weekly*, and promises to be very useful. There are, however, some notable exceptions. We do not see, for instance, any reference to the *Academy*.

Great attention is given to the arrangement of the windows. Booksellers are advised to bear in mind the importance of colour, and to try startling effects. They are told that the best combinations are greenish yellow and violet, yellow and indigo, red and blue, and black with two luminous colours. A striking window is thus described. A window not quite six feet wide and about one and a half feet deep, with plate glass highly polished. The display consisted of magazines—*Harper*, *Century*, *Scribner*, etc. The background and floor covering was old gold Canton flannel, rough side out. The magazines were grouped according to colour, in stacks. Here and there one was open at a striking illustration. A few days later the window contained a handsomely bound pulpit Bible, on the top of which was placed a copy of the thumb Bible. The background and floor covering was rich plush gracefully draped. Against the back of the larger book rested an opened finger Testament.

In buying stock, it is said, lies the success or ruin of the bookseller. Booksellers are advised to keep a full line of standard authors, and one or two of less known authors, the reason being that "when a certain book is called for and you do not have it, the fact that you have some others of the same author in stock will make your excuse, 'We are just out of it,' seem reasonable enough." Booksellers in this country will find this work both useful and entertaining, although they may think that of advice they have already enough and to spare for many quarters.

The statement that the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has adopted the extraordinary system of paying authors at the rate of £1 for every penny in the published price of a book is, we are assured on the highest authority, utterly untrue.

The directors of the firm of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Limited, in their report for the year 1892, state that the gross profits of the trading for the past year amounted to £15,692, and after deducting the expenses during the same period, recommend that a dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum be declared on the preference capital, and at the same rate on the ordinary capital; that £500 be written off goodwill; that £35 be written off fixtures; that £150 be added to the bad debt reserve; and that the balance of £395 be carried forward to the current year.

Continental. M. d'Arbois de Jubainville, the distinguished Celtic scholar, has reprinted, under the title of 'Un Préjugé,' in the current number of 'La Revue Celtique,' the first of his last course of lectures on Celtic history delivered at the College of France during 1889-90. The delay in publishing the lecture seems rather long, but as a matter of fact M. de Jubainville has not been forestalled. At least, the theory which he represents has not been put forward elsewhere with such lucidity and completeness. His conten-

tion is—archæologists first led the way to this point of view, and some philologists and historians, with M. de Jubainville at their head, are slowly following in their steps—that only a comparatively insignificant portion of the French race have Celtic blood in their veins, that the true ancestors of the French nation are the little known peoples that possessed the land before the invasions of the Gauls, the cavern-dwellers, the builders and makers of the menhirs and dolmens. He indulges in some learned fun at the expense of German *savants*, who have depreciated the Celt mainly because he was supposed to be responsible for his descendant, the nineteenth century Frenchman.

M. Cherbuliez's 'Secret du Précépteur' is now published in volume form by Hachette.

Among the notable French publications of last month are Maxime du Camp's 'Le Crépuscule' (Hachette), which *Figaro* calls his "last testament, literary, philosophical, and political"; 'Les Rois,' a novel by M. Jules Lemaitre (Calmann Lévy); and a volume of short stories by M. Francois Coppée, called 'Longues et Brèves' (Lemerre).

Two new volumes of the "Grands Ecrivains Français" series are announced—'Descartes,' by E. Fouillée, and 'Alfred de Musset,' by A. Barine.

Dr. Theodor Mommsen sends to the 'Archäologisch-epigraphischen Mittheilungen,' of Austria, what he describes as "a trifling contribution to the humour of history." It is an account of the discovery at Arykanda, a little town in Lycia, of a plate with an inscription in Latin and Greek, in which "the provinces of Lycia and Pamphylia entreat the Emperor Maximinus and his co-rulers (Constantine and Licinius) to root out the godless Christians, who are a danger to the state religion." Mommsen, who is an ardent pro-Semite, takes occasion to compare the Lycian petition with the *Judenhetze* of Dr. Stöcker. Orthodox believers in those days, he points out, used the same means to get rid of unbelievers as the extreme orthodox party now use against the Jews. "Times change, and nothing is everlasting except stupidity and malice."

Some new light is thrown on the life and death of Savonarola by a compilation which has been made by Luigi Randi, from the unpublished Florentine chronicle of Piero Vaglienti. Vaglienti was not favourable to the influence of Savonarola, but even an unfavourable contemporary judgment is of great interest, and his narrative is evidently not too strongly coloured by his disapproval.

Spain has recently lost a somewhat notable figure, Doña Concepción Arenal, a well-known and enlightened writer on social questions. Her books, articles, and pamphlets on the treatment of prisoners and other topics—'The Penal Colonies,' 'Mercy before Justice,' 'Letters to a Workman,' 'The Woman of the Future,' 'The Rights of the People,' and others—throw considerable light on the existing social conditions in Spain.

Professor Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen will shortly publish a volume, 'Saunterings in Norway.' He has completed his new novel, 'A Harvest of Tares,' which will appear in *Godey's Magazine*. This magazine is now published in London by the *Record Press*.

American. Mr. Marion Crawford sailed from New York for his home in Sorrento, Italy, on the 18th March. This means that he has abandoned his plan of going to the World's Fair and writing a series of articles upon it. He will, however, return to America in the autumn and resume his "talks" on literary subjects. Mr. Crawford has been exceedingly popular as a lecturer, and has accepted a number of commissions for future work.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins is hard at work on her new play, which is not, like her first play, a closet drama, but is intended for the stage. She has already begun negotiations for its production with the stage manager of the Boston Museum.

A correspondent writes: "I asked a New York author the other day if he thought that the new copyright law had had much effect upon the condition of American authors and publishers. 'It is a little early to trace the effect as yet,' he said, 'but I think that I have been able already to discover an improvement in the authors' condition. Before the laws were passed second-rate English authors had a great vogue here; the new law tends to drive them out, and therefore to give wider scope to our native writers. Then, too, the law does a good deal to check the piracy business, which, of course, injured our authors seriously. Altogether, I think that in a few years the law will bring out a vast improvement in the material welfare of American writers. But it is absurd to expect it to transform in a day conditions that have been establishing themselves for many years.'"

Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard, has been charged with the authorship of 'Calmire,' a novel which has been reprinted in this country by Messrs. Macmillan, but he repudiated the accusation. Mr. Royce, however, published a few years ago a novel called 'The Feud of Oakfield Creek.'

Mr. W. D. Howells has written a series of nine new poems, which he proposes to publish under the title of 'Monochromes.'

General Lew. Wallace, the author of 'Ben Hur,' has finished a new novel, which is to be published simultaneously in England and America this spring.

The editors of *Lippincott's Magazine* have set on foot a new scheme for interesting their readers. They intend publishing a short story each month to be entitled "Lippincott Notable Stories." At the end of the year these stories will be reprinted in a volume, and the royalty on the sale of the book will be paid to the author of that one of the tales which receives the popular verdict. To determine this choice, the readers of the magazine are invited to signify each month, by a post-card addressed to the editors, their opinion as to merits of the short story in each number. Those who thus report will receive free of charge a copy of the collected volume edition of the "Lippincott Notable Tales." The tale in the April issue will be entitled 'Abraham's Mother,' and the same number will contain contributions by Julian Hawthorne ("A Description of the Inexpressible") and Edgar Salton. The "Complete Novel" will be by Alfred George Townsend, and will be entitled 'Columbus in Love.'

Mr. Bret Harte is at present engaged in writing a new poem of some fourteen or fifteen verses for publication in one of the monthly magazines. He has also been induced to contribute an article on his first book to the series at present appearing in the *Idler*.

Readers of 'Rudder Grange' will be delighted to know that they are to hear more of Pomona in a new work which Mr. Frank R. Stockton is at present writing.

BOOK PRICES CURRENT.

We give an alphabetical list of the more notable book prices current, and hope to continue it. We should be greatly obliged if booksellers will suggest to us how this column may be made more useful, and also if they will send us lists of notable sales in their respective districts. In this way we hope to make a feature useful to them, and to all our readers.

Ainsworth, Harrison. Miser's Daughter (Cruikshank's illustrations), 3 vols., uncut, £6 2s. 6d.
Arnold, Matthew. Empedocles on Etna, 1st ed., uncut, £3 12s. 6d.
Arnold, Matthew. The Strayed Reveller and other Poems, 1st ed., uncut, £4 8s.
Bridge. History and Antiquities of Northamptonshire (1791), £11 11s.
Browning. Paracelsus, 1st ed. (presentation copy with autograph inscription), uncut, £5 12s. 6d.
Byron. The Curse of Minerva, in original wrapper, printed by T. Davidson, 1812, £60.
Byron. The Giaour, 3rd ed. (manuscript corrections by Byron), £5.
Colonna, F. Poliphile Hypnerotomachie (1554), £10 10s.
Dibdin. Bibliographical Decameron, 3 vols., £10.
Dickens. Christmas Stories, 1st ed., 5 vols., £7 17s. 6d.
Dickens. Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi, 1st ed., uncut, £4.
Dickens. Pic-nic Papers (illustrations by Cruikshank, Phiz, etc.), 1st ed., uncut, £5.
Eliot, George. Works, 1st ed., with Mr. Cross's Life, 30 vols., uncut, £34.
Gower. Confessio Amantis, £5.
Hardy, Thomas. Tess, 3 vols., uncut, £3 3s.
Harleian Society's Publications, vols. 1-31 (1869-90), £18 10s.
Haydn. The Creation (Sir E. Smart's copy with his autograph and MS. corrections), £1 4s.
Jefferies, Richard. Works, 9 vols., £4 4s.
Jesse. Memoirs, 14 vols., uncut, £20 10s.
Keats. Endymion, 1st ed., green morocco, uncut, £6 12s. 6d.
Keats. Endymion, 1st ed., £1 12s.
Missale Herefordense, cum Calendario, by "An English Scribe," 14th century, £88.
Pepys. Diary, large paper, uncut, £10 10s.
Pilpai vel Bidpai. Fabulæ (Sir J. Thorold's copy), £12 15s.
Pio II. Discritione de l'Asia et Europa, with the Canevari cameo (1544), £10 15s.
Pliny. Historia Naturale, 1st ed., 1476, £10 10s.
Poetae Christiani Veteres, £8 15s.
Postal. Tres-merveilles Victoires des Femmes du Nouveau Monde (1553), £17.
Prynne, W. Examination of Exuberances and Ceremonial Appurtenances to the Book of Common Prayer, large paper (dedication copy to Charles II.), 1661, £5 17s. 6d.
Psalms of David, printed on vellum, £9.
Pseaultier de David et les Cantiques (Marie de Medici's copy), Paris, 1586 (£34 10s.
Purchas. Pilgrimes, contayning Voyages and Peregrinations thorow the Knowne World, £27 10s.
Rock. Church of our Fathers, £6 5s.
Rogers. Italy, a Poem, 1830, and Poems, 1834, 1st ed. (engravings after Turner and Strothard), 2 vols., £26.
Ruskin. Stones of Venice, 1st ed., 3 vols., £15.
Scott. Waverley, 1st ed. (with autograph note of author), 3 vols., £5 17s. 6d.
Scott, Sir Walter. Waverley Novels, ed. of 1829-33, 48 vols, uncut, £5 7s. 6d.
Scott. Waverley Novels (Abbotsford ed.), 12 vols.(1842-47) £4 12s. 6d.
Shakespeare. Boydell's edition, £6 15s.
Shelley. Laon and Cythna, 1st ed. in original boards (1818), £11.
Shelley. The Cenci, 1st. ed., calf (1819), £5.
Sherlock, W. Scripture Proofs of our Saviour's Divinity (1706), £10.
Straparole, J. T. Facecienses Nuicts, printed on vellum, Louis XV.'s copy, 2 vols. (1726), £24.
Swift. Gulliver's Travels, 1st issue, with portrait, 2 vols., £12 5s.
Swift. Gulliver's Travels, 2 vols., £3 3s.
Swinburne. Songs before Sunrise, large paper, uncut (1871), £10 10s.
Tennyson, Alfred. Poems, Autograph of Lady Wortley, original boards, uncut (1833), £26.
Tennyson. Poems, chiefly lyrical, in original boards, uncut (1830), £13 5s.
Tennyson. Poems, first collected edition (1842), £12 12s.
Tennyson, Alfred and Charles. Poems by Two Brothers, uncut (1827), £17.
Tennyson, Alfred and Charles. Poems by Two Brothers, £2 10s.
Tennyson, Alfred and Charles. Poems by Two Brothers, large paper, in original boards, uncut, £27.
Thackeray. Virginians, 1st ed. (illustrations by author), 2 vols, £3 5s.
Voltaire. La Zayre (1733), 1st ed., dedication copy to M. Falkener, £26.
Walpole. Castle of Otranto, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd eds., £11.
Walton. Complete Angler, with original memoir and notes by Sir N. H. Nicholas, original ed., 2 vols. uncut, £20 5s.
Winter, William. The Jeffersons. 1st ed., large paper, £15 5s.

Nothing we can do in this way can interfere with the admirable publication of Mr. Elliot Stock, 'Book Prices Current,' the sixth volume of which has just appeared. It includes books sold at auction, from Dec. '91 to Nov. '92. The editor, Mr. Slater, refers to the fine and unusual collection of the early English poets, which was disposed of on June 27, 28 and 29. There were 1,002 lots, and the amount realised was £2,467 3s. 6d. The book is as usual very conveniently arranged, and contains more than 7,000 entries.

QUERIES.

Wanted, the author of the Scotch ballad, "Puir Mary Lee," quoted by Charlotte Brontë in her novel of 'Shirley,' chapter vii. L. W. REED, *St. Margaret's, Dover.*

Wanted, information about a poem called "The Spanish Mother." A. T. MAYS, 45, *S. Castle Street, Liverpool.*

POETRY.

NO.

Old story tells, long years ago,
Men once came to counsel-taking—
Women, too, were there to show
How without their sweetness breaking,
Or their tender peace un-making,
Lips should utter—"No."

All the passions, virtues, sins,
One by one were heard in session:
Prudence said, "A smile begins,
Then with gentle retrocession
And a sad and soft expression,
Falls the word—and wins."

Anger said, "A silence first;
Flashing eyes that hinder men
From speech; a lifted hand reversed
To fill the air with fate, and then,
Like a wild beast from a den,
Out let the bold word burst!"

Kindness said, "Oh, often gay,
And often with a sweet caress,
And often gently changed to—'Nay,'
And oft with tears of heart's distress,
And always with the hope to bless,
Let all this dark word say."

Fear would use it to the weak;
Pride to Self; False-heart to friends;
So, many spoke, the high, the meek,
As each his chosen mood defends.
The Council said, "Our session ends
Because Love will not speak."

As a man swiftly turns his head
Hearing a cry, the whole world turned
To where Love stood with heart that bled,
And lips that laughed and eyes that burned:
To him they came with hope that yearned.
"I say it not!" Love said. E. J. ELLIS.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. FRANKFORT MOORE.

Frank Frankfort Moore, whose brilliant novel, 'I Forbid the Banns,' recently published by Messrs. Hutchinson, is already in a fourth edition, was born at Limerick in 1855. A few years afterwards his family removed to Belfast, where he was educated at the Royal Academical Institution. When at the point of entering Trinity College, Dublin, circumstances prevented his pursuing a collegiate course, and, having always had a longing for foreign travel, he set out for the Cape, where he had an opportunity of doing some minor exploring in the region of the Orange River. Crossing the southern part of the continent, he reached Natal, and thence shipped to Bombay. After a visit to India, he returned to Ireland, and published in 1874, with Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., a volume of poems entitled 'Flying from a Shadow: a Work of Wanderings.' The following year he turned his attention to fiction, writing a story of Switzerland, which Messrs. Smith and Elder published under the title of 'Sojourners Together.' The following year he wrote for Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. a detective story, 'Where the Rail Runs Now,' and about this time he was induced to try his hand at journalism. He became dramatic and art critic, and qualified himself for his duties by a residence on the Continent. In 1877 Messrs. Ward and Co. brought out a volume of his stories of adventure, entitled 'Told by the Sea,' and the same firm purchased from him 'Mate of the Jessica,' which at once made his reputation. 'Daireen,' in which he embodied some of his Cape experiences, followed, the publishers being Messrs. Smith and Elder. In 1881 he accepted the post of assistant editor of the *Belfast News Letter*, and during the next ten years he produced some of the most popular of his boys' books of adventure with Messrs. Blackie and Son, and the S.P.C.K. 'The Mutiny on the Albatross,' 'The Fate of the Black Swan,' 'The Great Orion,' 'Tre, Pol, and Pen,' 'Under Hatches,' 'The Slaver of Zanzibar,' 'Coral and Cocoa-nut,' and 'The Ice Prison,' came in rapid succession from his pen; together with a volume of Christmas stories, entitled 'The Silver Sickle,' and numerous serials. During these years he produced at the Lyceum the comedietta, 'A March-hare Hunt,' and subsequently Mr. Wilson Barrett brought out his three-act comedy, 'Moth and Flame.' Miss Genevieve Ward appeared in his drama, 'Forgotten,' at the Grand Theatre in 1889, and in 1891 his 'Queen's Room' was played at the Opera Comique for several months by Mr. Edward Compton. Mr. Compton subsequently produced Mr. Moore's 'Oliver Goldsmith' at Dublin during the tercentenary celebrations of Trinity College, and its success was so great that it has been played every week for close upon a year. Early in 1892 he found time to write a story by which his reputation would stand or fall. He called his novel, 'I Forbid the Banns,' and he sent it at once to Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., by whom it was immediately accepted. Messrs. Hutchinson made the first offer of the American rights to the Cassell Publishing Company, New York, who immediately cabled acceptance.

Mr. Frankfort Moore married in 1885 one of the daughters of the late Colonel Bulcombe, of Clontarf, another of whose daughters, Mrs. Bram Stoker, is well-known in London society. He is an enthusiastic collector of old furniture and bric-à-brac, and his house, Mount Pleasaunce, Belfast, is a storehouse of interesting works of art.

MISS MARY ANGELA DICKENS.

The writer of 'Cross Currents' and of 'A Mere Cypher,' of which a notice appears in our "Novel Notes" this month, must be looked on as one of the most promising of the young novelists of to-day. She is the granddaughter of Charles Dickens, the eldest child of a large family, and lives in London. Of her grandfather she has a vivid recollection, though she was still very young when he died. The hereditary impulse towards literature did not show itself in her very early, but about four years ago Miss Dickens used constantly to read and criticise the work of a friend. The habits of thought thus acquired suggested to her to fill up a solitary week with an attempt to write a story. The story was published in *Household Words*, and was followed at rather long intervals by others in *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. Her first story of any length, 'A Mist of Error,' formed the summer number of *All the Year Round* in 1890. Since then Miss Dickens has written steadily, and literature has now the keenest fascination for her. 'A Mere Cypher,' published last month by Messrs. Macmillan, is her second novel.

THE READER.

PROFESSOR MINTO.

WE deeply regret to record the death of Professor Minto, which took place at Aberdeen on the forenoon of Wednesday, March 1st. He was only in his forty-eighth year. As one of the most able and learned of English literary critics, as well as a staunch friend and constant contributor to The Bookman, it is fit that some tribute should be paid to him and to his life of strenuous work in these columns.

Minto was born October 10th, 1845, near Alford, in Aberdeenshire, a few miles from Keig, the birthplace of his friend and University rival, William Robertson Smith. His career at Aberdeen University was very brilliant; he took his degree with honours in three subjects, and thereafter gained the Ferguson classical scholarship, which is open to graduates of all the Scottish Universities. He had some difficulty in choosing his career. Though a classical scholar of proved accomplishment, he held that the importance of Greek and Latin as subjects of education was greatly exaggerated. He tried Oxford for a few months, but he was weary of examinations. At last he made up his mind to be a journalist and litterateur, and returned to his native city to prepare himself. In those days brilliant students rarely sought a career on the press; and his choice was thought venturesome. Besides, incessant preparation for examinations had left little time for miscellaneous reading and the acquiring of

that kind of information a journalist finds useful. Minto took up his work with characteristic thoroughness and courage. He practised himself in writing by contributing leaders and reviews to a local paper, the *Aberdeen Herald*, while he set about preparing his 'Manual of English Prose Literature.' He took nothing at second-hand; read and judged everything for himself; and at last turned out a sound and workman-like book, which appeared in 1872, and keeps its position still. The plan is cumbrous, but the criticisms are weighty and well considered, while the narrative parts show independent research. We may note especially the analysis of De Quincey, in which Minto is seen at his best; the delicate appreciation of Addison and Steele; the discovery about Mandeville's 'Fable of the Bees,' as among the more notable passages. He went on to prepare a second volume, 'Characteristics of English Poets from Chaucer to Shirley,' which contains his identification of Chapman as the rival poet of the Sonnets, along with much original and careful criticism.

When this book was published Mr. Minto was in London, working on the *Examiner*. Perhaps he had never been happier than in those years he spent in Aberdeen, quietly browsing on "the literature of power," but he thought the time for action had come. At first he edited the literary department of the *Examiner*; shortly he was given entire control of the paper, and he managed it four years. Such work tests moral even more than intellectual qualities; and Minto came nobly out. He had a singularly equitable mind; for unfairness and cruelty he had a chivalrous abhorrence; yet where principle was involved he was unyielding. His political convictions were strong, and from first to last he made great sacrifices for their sake—of time and money and labour and things he valued more than these. But here the literary side of his work concerns us. It is enough to say that under his editorship Theodore Watts and Edmund Gosse commenced the critical work which has brought them such deserved reputation (one of Mr. Watts' early papers was on Charles Wells' 'Joseph'). Among other contributors whose work he highly valued were Mrs. Augusta Webster and Dr. Garnett. In politics he was assisted by most of the promising Radicals of the time, including Mr. Chamberlain, whose first appearance in the London press was, if I am not mistaken, in the *Examiner*.

Under the proprietorship, first of Mr. P. A. Taylor, then of Lord Rosebery, money was freely spent on the *Examiner*. Mr. William Black's story, 'Green Pastures and Piccadilly,' first appeared in its pages, and the editor anticipated recent developments by inserting signed articles and paragraphs of news. But it was not commercially successful. The price (threepence) was too low, and perhaps the fortunes of the journal were past retrieving. This may partly explain Minto's dislike of editing; it was distasteful to him, and I do not think he was happy during the short time when he worked on the *Daily News* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Though he was capable of very trenchant writing, his scrupulous fairness and his power of seeing both sides of a question may have interfered with his vigour as a political journalist. However that may be, he found his true place in 1880, when he succeeded his master, Dr. Bain, as Professor of Logic and English Literature in the University of Aberdeen.

At that time he had not published anything on philosophy, but his active and original mind gradually shaped a logical system, which is expounded in the volume soon to be published by Mr. Murray. Successful though he was in this field, his powers shone even more brightly in the English Literature class. The question, Can English literature be taught? must appear very idle to those who know the work done in Scotland by Professor Masson and Professor Minto. Personally, he was supremely popular. His sympathies with the students, his extreme courtesy and consideration, his unflinching courage, attached them to him; but the secret of his wonderful influence lay in the strength and fidelity of his work as a teacher.

Minto made various essays in the field of fiction. The first, 'The Crack of Doom, originally published in *Blackwood*, was the best, and contains many witty and brilliant passages. The description of the editor of the 'Serapeum,' his home and his receptions, was suggested, as he once told me, by Dr. Appleton, the first editor of the 'Academy,' his pretty cottage in Frognal, Hampstead, and the delightfully eclectic assemblages there. It is needless to say that between Raspian and Appleton there was no more in common than between the 'Serapeum' and the 'Academy.' But he came to see that h is real strength lay in the history and criticism of literature. It is to be regretted that he did not build such a monument to himself as Masson has done by his 'Life of Milton.' Had he lived to occupy the new Chalmers Chair of English Literature, he would doubtless have done great work. As it is, the best results of his knowledge and perception are to be sought in the fine series of essays on English writers contributed by him to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' His penetration and independence may be noticed everywhere—for instance, where he traces the connection between Bulwer Lytton and

Godwin; where he replies to the criticism that Pope's assistants translated as well as he; or where he works out Dickens' indebtedness to his early hardships. His leaning to mercy is most conspicuous in his article on Edgar Allan Poe.

Of the controversy aroused by the memoirs of William Bell Scott, little should be said at present. It took him completely by surprise. He asked me to send him Dr. Hake's memoirs, that he might learn from them the spirit in which reminiscences should be written! In his replies he exercised great self-restraint; but the materials for a decisive answer are in existence; and the chapter will be written when the time comes.

Dr. Minto's strength had for some time been failing; but he persisted, even when the hand of death was upon him, in going on with his work. His warm interest in young writers continued to the last. For Mr. Quiller Couch he had a special admiration. He had undertaken to review 'Green Bays' for THE BOOKMAN, and he listened with pleasure to some pages from it on the morning of the day he died. The scene at his funeral showed that his great powers and noble character had fitly impressed his fellow citizens.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

II.

WERE I to confess how seldom we met and how slight was our correspondence, your readers would think it highly presumptuous of me to write about Professor Minto, and that to call him a friend was almost indecent Yet on one point, at any rate, they would be wrong. It is a fact that we never wrote a line to each other; yet from time to time, and by every common friend, he sent messages that were valuable beyond telling to a young man just beginning to write. But Minto's sympathies were always with the young; and, indeed, on the first occasion that we met this was rather trying. In my father's house the talk might run on statesmen, divines, or men of science; but men of letters were the great men. Other callings were well enough, but writers were a class apart, and to belong to it was the choicest of ambitions. I had grown up in this habit of mind, and have not yet entirely outgrown it; so that the prospect of seeing Minto and listening to him fluttered me, as no doubt it flutters a young curate to dine with his bishop. He would not let me worship, however; would not even let me listen; but seemed only anxious to hear about my own endeavours and prospects. I think this forgetfulness of self was native in him and incurable. Certainly, though I admired him as much as ever, he had won a very much warmer feeling in the inside of half an hour; and from that time was constantly adding to the load of kindness which now can only be repaid by mourning his loss and remembering his wise counsel and encouragement. No other critic has given me the tithe of that counsel or a hundredth part of that encouragement. And when I say that all this was bestowed at every opportunity from the date of our first and only intimate conversation to the time of his death; that even on his death-bed he tried to do me a last service in the old fashion, it will be allowed that my burden of obligation is heavy indeed.

I cannot believe that the newspapers and reviews have done justice to his memory. They praise him as a good man and a sincere lover of letters; but the quality of his work, and especially of his critical work, has received too little attention. For it was of the rarest. Whatever his subject, Minto seemed to approach it with a mind absolutely clear of prejudice; to take it up with the single desire of exploring it in his reader's company, and to handle it with a modest self-effacement that may explain the slightly neglectful attitude of a generation eager to be obtruded on by "striking personalities." In the same way, though he was one of the few men left who could construct a long English sentence, and fit it with well-proportioned members, and make it walk upon legs, his style was so temperate and business-like, so admirable as a means to an end, and so naked of ornamentation, that it too often passed unnoticed. We must be "striking" in these times, or we are naught; but this writer never learned to use his theme as a stalking-horse for his own wit. He had an insatiable interest in literature; but this interest was scientific as well as sympathetic; and he handled criticism scientifically. On the whole his method was that of Sainte-Beuve, and though there are many more showy, a better has yet to be invented. The others may please for a while; but in the end we shall sigh for temperance, modesty, restraint, the virtues that are above fashion, and never, never tire; and where temperance, modesty, and restraint are valued we may be confident that Minto will not be forgotten. In a series to which all the best critics of his generation contributed, his monograph on Defoe stands out as a bright example of the way in which criticism should be written; and its excellence in comparison with the majority grows clearer as time goes on—a sure test. But whether in his writings or his life, Minto was a man in whose company it was good to be, and to remain.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

III.

Sir M. E. Grant Duff, formerly Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen, has kindly sent us the following letter in response to our request.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—I wish that in return for your courteous note I could tell you anything worth your learning about Professor Minto, whose sudden death shocked me extremely. I was informed, last night, that it arose from a mere accident, that is from his going out when he had only partially recovered from influenza.

I have been trying to recollect how I first came to know him personally: I first heard of him as a distinguished student of the University of Aberdeen in connection with what the Americans call "a difficulty" between him and one of the professors, which came before me officially. That must have been before the end of 1872.

The first time, however, so far as I can observe, that his name appears in the book in which friends who stay with us are in the habit of signing their names, would appear to be June, 1875, when we were living at Hampden in Buckinghamshire. His signature appears on the date June 13th, 1875, immediately over that of Mr. John Morley and under that of the late Mr. John Webster who was my Assessor in the University Court of Aberdeen when I was Lord Rector. I think the chances are that I became acquainted with Minto through that most accomplished and excellent man, by whose death north-eastern Scotland lost so much and about whom something ought most certainly to be put on record. From that date Minto was very frequently with us

at Hampden, at Knebworth, and at this place up to the time when he was appointed to the Chair which he has just vacated. Mr. John Webster and I did what we could to get him that appointment, because we thought that he combined, as no one else whom we knew did, the attainments wanted in a man who was to divide his time, according to the grotesque arrangements of his Alma Mater, between the teaching of logic and of English literature. I remember we were exceedingly amused when we found ourselves denounced by one of the best of European journalists in one of the best of European papers, for having procured his nomination instead of that of some metaphysician whose views the writer preferred, because we wished "to preserve the continuity of Professor Bain's teaching." That was a subject to which, though both of us had for Professor Bain a very strong admiration and regard, we had, "God forgive us!" never given even a thought. We had acted simply from the very common-place but common-sense reason which I have just mentioned. I found Minto during all these years a most agreeable companion, a sane politician and a well-informed man of letters, getting on easily and pleasantly with all manner of men.

I see he stayed under my roof at various times with, amongst others, Sir John Lubbock, Sir Louis Mallet, Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, the late Mr. W. E. Baxter, Mr. George von Bunsen, Lord Reay, Professor Tyndall, Mr. Herbert Spencer, the late Mr. Henry Cowper, and the late Sir William White. I am sure that every one who came across him thought him a pleasant addition to any gathering.

I heard from him once or twice when I was in India, whither he sent me his novel, 'The Crack of Doom.' I think I should have been more interested in a second one which he projected in 1885, and afterwards, I believe, wrote. He said, in a letter which I received in the August of the year I have just named, that he found the fourteenth century full of curious parallels to our own times, instancing the struggle between labour and capital which was then going on, as well as that "between Jingoism and anti-Jingoism in connection with Expansion into France."

He added, "However, it is not with parallels, real or fanciful, that I mean to deal so much as with the Peasants' Rebellion—its cause and its organisation. It has been rather neglected by historians, who pass by, without comment, even the curious fact that it should have been possible, in those days of difficult communication, to organise a simultaneous rising throughout the greater part of England, from Yorkshire to Sussex."

After my return to Europe I think I only saw him once. That was in London in the early June of 1889, when I found him as agreeable as ever.

I am under the impression that he became less of a Liberal and more of a Radical in his politics in recent years; but we had no conversation or correspondence upon that subject. I should expect to hear that he had been a very clear and good lecturer, stimulating to all students who cared seriously about their work; but I have for the last dozen years heard next to nothing about the affairs of a University which naturally occupied my mind a great deal at one period of my life. I wish I could give you in reply to your questions fuller and more recent information, but I have done my best.—I am, sir, yours obediently,

M. E. Grant Duff.

York House, Twickenham, March 16th, 1893.

LANDOR'S 'SIMONIDEA.'

Wild, reckless, at war with his family, and living alone upon the rugged coast of Wales, Landor at twenty was in a likely humour to fall under the dominion of any companion of the opposite sex who might chance to share his opinions, or be possessed of sufficient discernment to observe and appreciate the vigour of his ripening genius. Nor was it indeed long before he found himself captivated by a woman's charms. His first Welsh flame bore the prosaic name of Jones, but "Jones" became "Iöné" in the love-song Landor wrote her. To Iöné succeeded Rose Aylmer, one of the daughters of Lord Aylmer, who gave him—by the chance loan of an Arabian story—the first slight hint for his 'Gebir.' To Rose Aylmer Landor appears to have been at one time tenderly devoted, and for a considerable while she succeeded in retaining his complete attention and regard; and when a year later she died in India, the news moved him to express his sorrow in some of his sweetest lines, "Ah, what avails the sceptred race?"

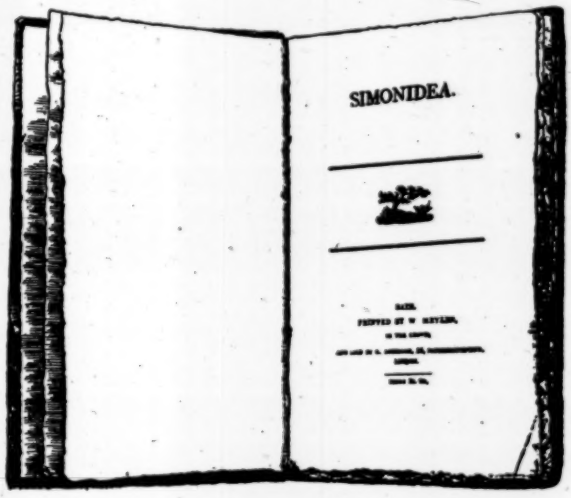
But even Rose Aylmer failed to attract him permanently, and her smiles were in turn neglected for those of Sophia Jane Swift, afterwards Countess de Molande, the "Ianthé" of so many of the poems of this date. His affection for her was strong and lasting, and proved to be one of the happiest of the many attachments that brightened his long and rugged life. When living at Bath nearly half a century later, separated from wife and children, and banished from all the ties of love and home, it was in the society of Ianthé that the aged poet found his chiefest consolation and repose.

It is to Ianthé that we are indebted for the choice and selection of the poems contained in 'Simonidea,' the recovery of a copy of which has occasioned these present notes.

The years 1805 and 1806 were rendered sad for Landor by the loss of several of his intimate associates, among them being Mrs. Lamb, a lady who in earlier days had been his boyhood's friend. As his custom was, he lamented each and all in verse, and these elegiac poems, together with others of a warmer nature (sundry love-verses addressed to Ianthé, etc.), and with the addition of five Latin Odes, he collected and published at Bath under the title of 'Simonidea.' "I printed," he confessed years later, "whatever was marked with a pencil by a woman who loved me, and I consulted all her caprices. I added some Latin poetry of my own, more pure in its Latinity than its sentiment. When you read the 'Simonidea,' pity and forgive me." Until quite recently this book, so full of attractive interest to Landor's many lovers, had entirely disappeared from view. "Several of Landor's early writings," writes Mr. Sidney Colvin in his monograph on 'Landor,' p. 45, "are now exceedingly rare, more than one indeed being only known to exist in a solitary example; but of the 'Simonidea,' so far as I have been able to ascertain, not even a single example has been preserved." There was no copy in the fine collection of Landor's writings in the possession of the late Mr. Robert Browning; neither is there one in the British Museum.

At length, in this year of grace 1893, just eighty-seven years after it first was published, a copy has floated to the

surface of the stream of time. The following is a reprint of the title-page:—



The Collation is: post octavo, pp. 99, consisting of blank fly-leaf, pp. i.-ii.; Title-page (with blank reverse), pp. iii.-iv.; Preface, pp. v.-ix.; p. x. is blank; Text, pp. 11-98; and an unnumbered page of Notes, p. 99. The imprint, which is placed at the foot of p. 98, reads: "Meyler, Printer, Bath."

The book was issued in boards of a bluish-drab colour, backed with pink. There is no trace of any paper label.

The copy of 'Simonidea' from which the above particulars are taken, and which I have recently had the good fortune to add to my collection, is one of peculiar interest. Not only is it a fine, clean copy, quite uncut, in the original boards (Messrs. Riviere and Sons have now enclosed it in a brown levant morocco drop-case), but it has the additional attraction of having been once in Landor's own possession, and been presented by him to a friend. Inside the front cover, in the well-known hand that cannot be questioned, is the following inscription:—"Dec. 31st, 1807. From the Author to J. Maynard." Further, the anonymous preface is signed "Landor," also in his own handwriting.

The volume opens with a preface, in prose, in which Landor states his reasons for giving it the title of 'Simonidea':—

"These poems are called 'Simonidea,' because the first of them commemorate the dead: a species of composition in which Simonides excelled. He also wrote other things. Here, too, are others; but bearing, I am afraid, a resemblance to his more near in their subjects than in their style. His characteristics were simplicity, brevity, tenderness, and an assiduous accuracy of description. If I were to mention what, I fancy, would give an English reader the best idea of his manner, I should say the 'Book of Ruth.'"

Then follow some trite remarks regarding the value at which poetry should be popularly estimated. Milton receives a quiet side-thrust:—

"Is not 'Paradise Regained' the heaviest and dullest poem that ever outlived its century—not excepting the 'Christiad' of Vida?"

Landor appears to have held Byron's early views on payment for literature:—

"I bear no disrespect towards men who write for emolument, although I never did; even when I was rather extravagant and very poor. For I always found enough anxiety attending composition, without the voluntary penance of supporting at the end of my exertions an outstretched expectation of gain. If any thing of profit should arise from these trifles, the printer will give it to the hospital. This I think proper to mention, that the prudes of both sexes, who may discover or imagine certain sins in them, may also consider that something has been done for atonement and absolution."

"If any . . . profit should arise . . . the printer will give it to the hospital." How often did the sanguine author print a similar promise? How much did the trusting charities ever receive? It is to be feared that seldom or ever was there any surplus to bestow!

The preface closes with the following explanatory statement:—

"The poems are now before the reader. I would have him remark, that the first was written on seeing, unexpectedly, in the public prints, and in a public room, the death of a most exemplary woman (Mrs. Lambe), who was married to the best and wisest man it was ever my happiness to know. The others in general want no explanation. Many are imaginary—some are not. But let him beware of hoping he can trace, to any object within his view, the source of those affections he may discover here and there. He will be wrong, that is certain. The story of Gunlang he must have found in Mr. Herbert's 'Translations from the Icelandic'; a work which it is impossible to read without improving the taste and warming the imagination. I have taken from the history as much as I wanted; from the poem, nothing."

The English poems contained in the book are twenty-five in number, the first being the elegy upon the death of Mrs. Lambe to which Landor refers in the passage from the preface given above. This is followed by the lament for Rose Aylmer, which Landor himself published upon another occasion. The text, however, exhibits some interesting variations. The third poem is addressed to Iöné and tells how

> "In the lover's, in the poet's eye,
> The gentle, young Iöné ne'er shall die."

'Gunlang and Helga,' the poem which follows, a story in rhymed couplets, occupying twenty-seven pages of the book, Landor afterwards printed (with many variations) in a later collection. It is succeeded by a number of poems (some of them only single stanzas) uniform alike in style and merit, and addressed in many instances to Ianthé. Of these the following example will suffice:—

> "Mother, I cannot mind my wheel;
> My fingers ache, my lips are dry:
> Oh! if you felt the pain I feel!
> But oh, who ever felt as I?
>
> No longer could I doubt him true:
> All other men may use deceit:
> He always said my eyes were blue,
> And often swore my lips were sweet."

The last two lines seem familiar to me, although I cannot recall where or when I can have seen them. Did Landor possibly publish them elsewhere?

Such is the history, and such are the contents of 'Simonidea.' Some day it may be thought desirable to reprint the book in full.

Thomas J. Wise.

KLAUS GROTH.*

FORTY-ONE years ago, a schoolmaster in Holstein, Klaus Groth by name, published, under the title of 'Quickborn' (Living Fountain), a small book of poems. If it did not succeed in taking Germany by storm, it at least took the critics by surprise. The whole conception of the book was novel. It was an invitation to partake of the common and unclean. Not only did it set aside the conventionalities of poetry, it was actually written in what most people regarded as a vulgar patois—in the Low German of Holstein—a language which not even the Church, far less the school, condescended to recognise, but which was nevertheless endeared to the Holstein peasantry as their mother-tongue, the language of their daily life, in which the first words of infancy were lisped and the last of death were whispered. The whole book smelt of the cottage. The poems themselves were as homely as the language. They were the actual thoughts, hopes, loves, griefs of the peasantry, inspired but not embellished by poetry. They were pictures—Dutch pictures for truth and homeliness—of the flat landscape, the slouch-roofed cottages, the ditches, the windmills, and the little market-towns of that rich, plain, butter-growing country.

Such books to the public seem at first innovations and little more. Fortunately, there always stand out amongst us some master minds who catch the first flash of genius, as the highest peaks catch the first streak of dawn. Gervinus at once pronounced the book "an oasis in the desert of the present." Humboldt was so fascinated with it that he sat up the greater part of the night reading and re-reading it. The historian Mommsen sang its praises in verse; and Heine welcomed it in his Parisian exile, and had some of the poems translated into the uncongenial medium of French.

Klaus Groth no longer needs such recommendations, for he has been recognised by what is after all the surest if slowest of critics, the public; not the public of a day, but the public of well-nigh half a century. And now, after the old 'Quickborn' has passed through many editions, after new 'Quickborns' have been added to it, and tales in Holstein prose followed the Holstein verses, their author, a veteran of seventy-four, has collected all his writings, which lie before us in four neat octavo volumes.

A description of Klaus Groth's poems, and still more a translation of any of them, is beyond the scope of this article. I must refer my readers to Professor Max Muller's interesting notice of the poet and his country in the 'Chips from a German Workshop,' or to what I have written elsewhere.† But no description or translation can give the reader any idea of the charm of the original 'Quickborn.' The language should not prove a serious bar to anyone with a knowledge of German; less, I think, than the poems of Burns would to a foreigner with a corresponding knowledge of English.

The secret of the success of 'Quickborn' lies wholly in the complete harmony of language and subject, so much so, that we wonder whether the genius of the poet lay in the happy inspiration of selecting the Holstein dialect for his homely lyrics, or in tuning his lyre to so homely a strain as to suit the language of his country. He himself assures us most emphatically that he reached his goal by the latter of these two paths. His aim was not to sing homely lyrics, but to glorify the patois of his home by song.

When he had decided to write in the Holstein dialect, his difficulty was to find a style simple enough to suit it—a peasant's style of poetry for a peasant's language. To master this difficulty took him some years of rigorous training; for Klaus Groth, if a peasant by birth, was a scholar, and worse than a scholar, a schoolmaster by education. His father had been a small cottar, and Klaus had been singled out of a large family to be educated, and at the time he published 'Quickborn' was versed not only in the classics, but in most of the modern literatures of Europe. Macaulay dwells on the good fortune of Bunyan in not having his natural style spoilt with classical learning. In Klaus Groth's case the mischief had been done. He felt it, and systematically set himself to undo it. His knowledge of our own literature had introduced him to the works of Robert Burns, and on him, if on anyone, he may be said to have modelled his style. For two years he occupied himself in studying the possibilities of the Holstein dialect, and in translating Burns' poems into it. Though the influence of Burns is strongly felt in Klaus Groth's works, none of these translations, except that of 'Tam o' Shanter,' have been preserved. But by the end of this period of probation his object was achieved. He had purged himself of all scholarly methods. He had steeped himself in his dialect, and knew what he could do with it and what he could not. Then, and not till then, he set himself to write 'Quickborn.' The greater part of it was done in the course of one year (1850-1851). Three of the finest poems, 'Min Anna,' 'Dar geit en Bek,' and 'He sä mi so veel' were actually done in one day.

It is remarkable that while there are not a few scholarly references in the poems of the Scottish peasant, which we could wish away, I do not recollect a single learned allusion marring the simple harmony of the verses of the Holstein schoolmaster. This is attributable entirely to the fact that with all his culture and education, and all his success and fame in later life, Klaus Groth never rose from the ranks. It was his pride to remain in them. The peasants who were the companions of his boyhood were the friends of his manhood. John, the last survivor of his brothers, whose name is immortalized in the beautiful poem 'Min Jehann,' though only a working miller, has been no less close a companion of the poet than if he had been a professor of Greek.

With Klaus Groth *l'homme, c'est le style.* His personality is in every way like his book, as unassuming and yet as deeply sympathetic. His portrait forms a fitting frontispiece to this edition of his collected works. He is fond of making merry over his long gaunt figure, "just the height of the old man," as Eckermann, the intimate of Goethe, exclaimed when he first met him. Some years ago he presented me with a copy of the photograph, and wrote on the back of it these lines:

> Hier sühst du denn dat lange gesicht.
> De langen Been, de sühst du nicht;
> Ok nicht binn in dat tapfre Hart
> Dat öller awer nie köller ward.

I have given them as a specimen of his language than of his poetry, and can assure my readers that if they will but try, they will find the poems, which lie hidden

* 'Klaus Groth's Gesammelte Werke.' Four vols. (Lipsius and Fischer, Leipzic, 1893.)

† 'Some Poets of the People in Foreign Lands,' p. 99 *et seq.*

behind the slight difficulties of this dialect, like the poet's heart, grow none the colder from nearer and longer acquaintance. J. W. Crombie.

MR. ANDREW LANG AND THE EPIC.

FEW literary announcements could have given me greater pleasure than the news that Mr. Lang's study on Homer was ready. The discovery of a *Notitia Episcopatuum* dating direct from the time of Justinian would hardly have charmed me more. Mr. Lang's sympathy with all poetry, his catholic appreciation of beauty in language and thought, his familiarity with Homer, and the grace and charm with which his criticism is always set before the reader, led me to expect much. It was a slight disenchantment to glance over the list of chapters in order to select one that should be especially charming to start on. Chapter II., "Introduction to Wolf;" III., "Wolf's Theory;" IV. and V., "Criticism of Wolf"; one read with a shudder. Wolf's theory is dead, and the Homeric controversy has long ago passed into a new phase. The same remark applies to all theories of the class, whose type is Lachmann. No one could now think of seriously stating the idea that the Iliad consists of a set of separate ballads or lays stitched together; and Mr. Lang resuscitates it only in order to have the pleasure of slaying it once more. The slaughter is easy; but it occupies too long time, and one can hardly avoid the remark that Mr. Lang might have lightened his work of much of the arguments and sarcasm which he directs against the "lay-theory." Perhaps, however, it was advisable, in view of the wider public which does not keep abreast of the Homeric question, to devote some time and attention to Wolf and Lachmann; but then it would conduce to clearness if Mr. Lang had drawn a marked distinction between the different classes of theory which he contends against. But he skips nimbly back and forward between the lay-theory and the development-theory, dealing his blows now at one, now at the other, now at both, simultaneously. The Homeric scholar does not want his time wasted on the lay-theory, while the general reader will hardly gather from Mr. Lang how absolutely the development-theory is opposed to, and how completely it has driven from the field the lay-theory.

Confining our attention to the development-theory in its multitudinous variations (for no two upholders of it agree in details, and often a development-theorist alters his own theory annually), we must, I think, acknowledge that Mr. Lang brings out very clearly that it cannot be worked out by mere use of the scissors. Excision of the later parts is not sufficient to restore the original nucleus or *Achilleis*. Not merely do express allusions occur in the earliest portions to incidents related in those parts that are almost universally regarded as later; Mr. Lang shows conclusively (often after other scholars, such as Monro or Nutzhorn) that the supposed later parts are essential to the poetic and dramatic character of the earliest nucleus. Take, for example, the argument on p. 139. In the idea of the Iliad it is necessary that Achilles, who is punished so terribly by the loss of his dear friend, should deserve the punishment by offending against some deep-seated and strictly Hellenic moral principle. Yet the punishment is admittedly a part of the original *Achilleis*, while the sin of Achilles forms a part of the action of Book IX., which is universally considered to give strong signs of later origin.

It is not merely that Book IX., as extraordinarily beautiful, must be the work of a supremely great poet, and such poets do not grow up every day—a class of argument to which Mr. Lang attaches more value than I can—but that an almost greater excellence, certainly a more delicate and intellectual one, lies in the relation between Book IX. and the *Achilleis*.

Or again, look at p. 196: "He who an hour ago compared Patroclus to a weary little girl, praying her mother to lift her in her arms, has now to pray to his own mother for her kindness and aid." Mr. Lang, following Mr. Monro, justly insists on the "wonderful stroke of irony and of pity," which lies in the relation between the comparison and the prayer; but one of them is in the original *Achilleis*, the other in a later accretion.

By these and many other delicate touches, the fact is demonstrated convincingly, that a development-theory which regards the later parts of the Iliad as separate patches merely tacked on or inserted at intervals in the fabric of a previously existing poem, does not account for the Iliad. The Iliad is an organic whole, composed of parts which mutually fit and demand each other—with some few exceptional interpolations. Such was the doctrine of the greatest Greek critics, beginning from Aristotle: the Iliad is the most admirable example of poetic unity. Mr. Lang has done well to recall this elementary fact, which the modern critics have too often forgotten.

Is then the development-theory utterly disproved? I do not think so. But evidently we must suppose the growth by internal development of a living organism, and not the growth by external accretions and interpolations of an antique survival. The only development-theory that will explain the Iliad is that which makes it like a growing child, complete indeed at each moment of its growth, yet ever growing until it reaches maturity. If such a conception is impossible and self-contradictory, then there seems no alternative except Mr. Lang's robust faith in an original poet, who composed the Iliad in the second millennium B.C. Is the conception impossible? A great poem grows in this way as a living thing with the mind of a poet. Is not a situation imaginable in which a poem may grow with the mind of a nation?

For years I have dreamed of it, and perhaps mere dreams have assumed an illusive reality in my mind. To me it appears—if I may quote from the Bookman of October last, page 16—that the Homeric poems admit us to look "into the process by which the fine product called Hellenism was evolved amid the strife of nations in the Greek lands." Homer is the product of the Hellenic genius, the cause at once and the result of Hellenism, the religion of the united Hellenic people.

These poems are the measure and the standard of Hellenism, the sum of its characteristics, and the test of its presence. So far as there was any unity among the warring tribes of Greece, that unity sprang out of, and embodied itself in, Homer. Hellenism and Hellenic unity was an idea that had a slow and gradual development. It had its home in no single part of Greece; it existed wherever a

common thought existed; and it was present in very unequal degrees in different districts. It gave expression to itself in the Homeric poems, which grew as it grew, stage by stage, yet complete and living at every stage. Hence it contains the *aristeia* of many heroes, for it represents the contributions of many tribes, Aryan and non-Aryan, to the delicate and complex product. It was born in that epoch-making event for the Greek world—the discovery of the Black Sea; and it was nursed in the lap of that confederacy of states whose joint efforts first explored the Hellespont and the Bosphorus, and opened a new world and a new life to the Greeks.

Hence also arises that complex character in the poems which present so many varying aspects to different minds Homer is so perfectly unified, yet so full of breaks, dislocations and junctures; he is so uniform and homogeneous in manners, and yet he so obviously reveals the manners of different ages.

It is true that I can quote no parallel case; but when a parallel is produced to the development of Hellenism, then a parallel to Homer may be looked for.

Such is the idea, or the dream, that I seem to see, but cannot express. I am the humble commentator; one of the class on whom Mr. Lang is so hard. I am not even a commentator *in esse*, only *in posse*: there are some passages that I burn with desire to comment on, were I not occupied with commenting on the Asiatic travels in of Herodotus and Barbarossa, St. Paul and St. Willibald. But though I cannot express my dream, I have still faith in the development-theory; and Mr. Lang's arguments have not touched my position, perhaps because it is in the clouds. I know no one who would be able to express my idea except Mr. Lang himself, if he could be hypnotised and ordered to believe in it and to tell it to the world.

As a whole, this volume, while containing much that even a commentator can enjoy, does not come up to our expectations. There is too much destructive criticism in it; and the literary construction, or reconstruction, of the original poet, is never seriously essayed, Mr. Lang comes back to the old position. When we say that we cannot longer accept the old faith, he places before us the faggot and the stake, and gives us the choice between the fire of his wit and sarcasm or implicit unreasoning faith. He can believe and we must believe. I have not the faith that can make the impossible possible; and the supreme poet of B.C. 1400, without poetic ancestry and without successors, creator of the most flexible "measure ever moulded by the lips of man" for the benefit of "an audience whose taste in Epic was like that of the New Zealanders" (p. 87), seems to my unaided intellect impossible. I came to Mr. Lang for aid; and I came in vain.

In style the volume, in spite of many things said in Mr. Lang's own way, is too continuously argumentative. If ever Mr. Lang can become uninteresting, it is when he argues too earnestly, and here he sometimes become perilously earnest. We long for his own ideas, his exposition of his own Homer, at his happy ease untortured by the slings and arrows of outrageous Bergks and Leafs and Lachmanns. Could he not be persuaded to take me as his squire and armour-bearer, and betake him for some months to the shores of the Hellespont and the banks of the Scamander? On page 208 he explains excellently the situation in which Parthenopæus was killed. I can show him the exact place—anywhere for a mile or two along the Scamander. Mr. Lang can write the most charming book that has ever been written about Homer; but he has not yet written it.

W. M. Ramsay.

LEIGH HUNT AND HIS SECOND JOURNAL.

Leigh Hunt as he was in his fifty-fifth year—His conversation, household, and Kensington domicile—Success of his Autobiography—In literary partnership with a young Manchester man he starts 'Leigh Hunt's Journal'—His appeal to Walter Savage Landor for contributions—Carlyle's and Landor's contributions to it—Story of the Journal, its rise, decline and fall—Its contributors: Mr. James Payn—Subsequent career of its proprietor.

WHEN I first knew Leigh Hunt, he was verging on fifty-five, and resided in Edwardes Square, Kensington, the region which furnished him with material for one of the most agreeable of his books, 'The Old Court Suburb.' From the airy, lightsome cheeriness of so many of his writings, I had expected to find him all briskness and vivacity. On the contrary, as he sat and talked among his books, busts, and engravings, tall, dark-complexioned, with thoughtful brow and expressive hazel eyes, his greyish-black hair flowing down to his shoulders, he gave you the impression of courteous dignity and repose. In a grave, sweet voice, he spoke frankly but always kindly of the notable men with whom he had been intimate, and of whom a junior as I was might wish to hear, Shelley and Keats, Hazlitt and Charles Lamb. Of his later and then living contemporaries it was Thackeray about whom he showed most enthusiasm, saying that since 'Tom Jones' there had been no novel at all equal to 'Vanity Fair.' Hunt's household at that time included his wife, a confirmed invalid, always confined to her room, to whom he was unweariedly attentive, two dark-eyed, youthful daughters, and an affectionate son Vincent, whose death a few years afterwards was a very heavy blow to him. He liked his domicile and its surroundings. Edwardes Square, with its pretty houses, large enclosure, gardens behind and spacious grass-plots in front, had been "invented," as he phrased it, by a Frenchman, and Hunt has recorded his inability when he first saw it to reconcile it with "English principles" of house-building and street-construction. It was quite a *rus in urbe*, just suited for a poet who, while delighting in trees and flowers and verdure, loved also to hear the busy hum of men. By a visitor who like myself knew nothing of the financial difficulties which then as almost always embarrassed him, but which never disturbed his outward serenity, Leigh Hunt might have been pronounced a happy man.

After an absence of a year or two from London, I revisited Leigh Hunt in Edwardes Square, and found him in excellent spirits. His delightful autobiography was being received with a chorus of approval, which gladdened the veteran's heart and brought him again very prominently into notice. He was considering a literary project, of the inception and execution of which the story is now to be told for the first time, since his reference to it in the Autobiography is of the slightest, and both the son who edited his corre-

spondence and his formal biographers have dismissed it in still fewer than his own few words. The project was broached to him not by any of his London friends, in or out of the publishing world, but most unexpectedly by a stranger, a young Manchester man. This was a certain John Stores Smith, who while under twenty and engaged in the Manchester cotton-trade had written, in the purest Carlylese, a biography of Mirabeau, the only one, so far as I know, of any mark as yet produced in England. From his diminutive stature he was known to his friends as "little Smith," but he was clever, fairly accomplished, and remarkably fluent, both as a writer and a speaker. He was ambitious withal, and his ambition not unnaturally was directed towards literary life in London. Circumstances enabled him to gratify in some measure his aspirations. On attaining his majority, he sold some agricultural land which he had inherited, and with the proceeds migrated to London. His life of Mirabeau had brought him into correspondence with Carlyle. When knowing him personally, Carlyle came to like the little man, whom however, from his over-readiness to flare up about anything or nothing, the sage playfully compared to "turpentine." Soon after his arrival in London, Smith published, at his own charges, a striking volume, 'Social Aspects,' which might have had for its epigraph, "Whatever is is wrong." The public which listened with impatience to the jeremiads of Carlyle in the Latter-Day Pamphlets did not care much for the denunciations of this little-known young gentleman of one-and-twenty. Nevertheless, the seeming sincerity of his fervid protests against the manifold iniquities of the age procured him the regard of Charles Kingsley.

'Social Aspects' not having set the Thames on fire, its author bethought him of devoting the remainder of his capital to the establishment of a periodical in which he could flourish his own pen to his heart's content, and from which, if successful, a permanent return might be obtained. Somehow or other he was brought into communication with Leigh Hunt. The result was an agreement between the youth and the veteran for literary co-operation. Sixteen years previously had been founded 'Leigh Hunt's London Journal,' for editing which he received eight guineas a week, Carlyle, then engaged in a dire struggle with poverty, thinking, as he recorded in one of his letters at the time, what wealth such an income would be to his frugal self. The 'London Journal,' though popular, as it deserved to be, for it was brimful of Leigh Hunt, after a cheerful existence of two years, collapsed from a failure of the needful supplies. It was now decided to revive it with the omission of "London" from the title. Leigh Hunt gave his name to the new venture; Smith supplied the capital. Both were to contribute. The editorship was to be a duumvirate; the junior at first, however, giving a pretty free hand to the senior, whose name and connections were, he hoped, to attract distinguished contributors. Hunt at once exerted himself to beat them up. Among the first to whom he applied were his old friends Carlyle and Walter Savage Landor certainly, and Tennyson probably. If an application was made to Tennyson nothing came of it. With Carlyle and Landor, Hunt was successful. His personal intercourse with Carlyle had ceased for some years, bu

Carlyle retained an affectionate regard for his old friend. He promised to contribute to the earlier numbers, and he kept his promise. Through the courtesy of Mr. W. Leigh Hunt, Leigh Hunt's grandson, I am enabled to give the veteran's hitherto unpublished and delightfully characteristic appeal to Landor for contributions, which he headed

"Soliloquy."

I wonder (beautiful, absurd word!) if Landor has seen the announcement of a certain 'Leigh Hunt's Journal,' and I wonder still more if he could find among his papers some epigram or thought, or least fragment not polemical, something on the sunny and dulcet side of him (for the Journal, though expressing itself pretty freely too as far as it goes, means on the whole to be a sweet, all-embracing kind of phenomenon), and so manifest his good wishes for the new adventure. Something of Carlyle will be in the first number, and (I hope) of Tennyson. Also much announcement of all sorts of agreements to differ on the part of its correspondents.

But Landor must not be offended if I add that we receive no contributions even from the wealthiest genius (in any sense of that epithet) without paying for them, and by the handsomest standard of payment.

Landor's reply, also unpublished, space does not permit me to add; it was prompt and cordial in its assent. Whatever money he received for his contributions he would give, he said, to "the patriots in Germany."

No. 1 of 'Leigh Hunt's Journal, a Miscellany for the cultivation of the Memorable, the Progressive, and the Beautiful,' contained some versicles by Landor, which, like those contributed by him to subsequent numbers, were of the slightest possible value. Hunt began in it, and for some weeks continued, a series of papers, "The Town," a supplement to his very pleasant volume with the same title, on the historical and biographical associations connected with the streets of London. Carlyle's name was a tower of strength, and the sale of the first three numbers of the Journal was much aided by his three articles, "Two Hundred and Fifty Years Ago," picturesque and vivid sketches of some English duels fought in the reign of James I. The usual love of the public for novelty, along with the names of Leigh Hunt and Carlyle, the one as editor, the other as contributor, did so much for the Journal at its start that after the issue of the third number Hunt wrote thus cheerfully, in another unpublished letter, to Landor: "The Journal promises beautifully, and hope gives me new strength." Alas! the source of the strength thus derived was not long in drying up. The 'London Journal,' whether in its original matter or its extracts, had been pervaded throughout by Leigh Hunt, whose connection with the new Journal was limited to such papers as those on "The Town" and a few occasional tales and dramatic sketches. Smith's contributions, chiefly comments on the incidents of the day, were not particularly effective. The sub-editing was indifferent, and the business management worse than indifferent. As the circulation dwindled, Smith asserted his proprietorial and co-editorial claims, which clashed with those of Hunt, and not less true of the conduct of a periodical than of a campaign is Napoleon's saying: "One bad general is better than two good ones." A bone of contention between the Duumvirs of the Journal was the remuneration "by the handsomest standard of payment" which in his large-handed but unpractical way Leigh Hunt assigned to the contributors

whom he favoured. I remember Smith grumbling to me (I was one of the contributors) about the magnitude of the sums paid to Walter Savage Landor (and to benefit "the patriots of Germany") for his mostly rather trivial "Poemetti." As the contents of Smith's exchequer, never amply filled, were gradually drained away, the relations between him and Leigh Hunt became more and more strained. There is not, however, I believe, any foundation for the statement, quite recently revived, that the end was hastened by something which appeared in the Journal reflecting on Lord John Russell, whom Leigh Hunt admired as a politician, and to whom he was deeply grateful for his pension. It was when the capital which started it had disappeared that after a troubled existence of not quite four months 'Leigh Hunt's Journal' died, simply of inanition. Among the occasional contributors who could not avert this catastrophe were R. H. Horne, William Allingham, and "Parson Frank," the *nom de plume* of the Rev. Francis Jacox, since known by several meritorious contributions to literature. He and I are, with one exception, the sole survivors of the contributors to 'Leigh Hunt's Journal.' The one exception is Mr. James Payn, whose name—he was then a young man of twenty—is suffixed to some pathetic verses, "A Poet's Death," which appeared in one of the later numbers of the Journal, and which Smith boasted, I know not with what truth, was the first introduction, by name and surname, of Mr. Payn to the reading world. Smith himself returned to Manchester, whether or not a sadder and a wiser, certainly a poorer man. He died not many months ago, in Derbyshire, where he had become a prosperous industrialist, contributing occasionally to the Manchester press, and having in his early career afforded another proof of the risks run by men of letters when they engage in the commerce of literature. Φ

NEW BOOKS.

ARISTOTLE'S CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS.*

On Jan. 19th, 1891, there appeared in the *Times* a full account of a lost work of Aristotle, which had been discovered on four rolls of papyrus taken from an Egyptian tomb and recently acquired by the British Museum. These rolls contain on their upper side the accounts of "a bailiff on a private estate" for the year 78 A.D., and some short time afterwards, when the accounts became valueless, the 'Constitution of Athens' has been copied on to the back or under side of the papyrus. The *editio princeps* of the text was published under the authority of the Museum trustees on Jan. 30th, 1891, by Mr. F. G. Kenyon, and followed early in March by the publication of a *facsimile* of the papyrus itself. The interest taken in this discovery, "which has enabled men of letters to realise in the present day the joyous surprises of the age of the Renaissance," may be judged from the fact that Dr. Sandys, in referring to the literature which has already grown up around the subject, gives a list of no less than eight editions, fourteen translations, and 135 articles in learned periodicals of all nations.

This extraordinary outburst of enthusiasm is justified by the rarity of such a discovery, the extremely early date of the MS., the fame of Aristotle, and the importance of the subject. There is not one of the questions with which students of palæography, archæology, art, literature, or history are concerned that a document of this character does not help either to settle or perplex. The editor of it who proposes to make his edition at all complete should possess almost unlimited knowledge and unrivalled patience. Take, for instance, the question of the text. A manuscript eighteen centuries old, written in "a small semi-cursive hand" by four separate copyists, presents a thousand difficulties, as any one knows who has seen the shoal of conjectures which have been made by scholars with a view to filling up the gaps in this particular document. The text, however, as presented by Dr. Sandys—and, it may be added, beautifully printed by the University Press—is a marvel of clearness: the average Greek scholar can read it without stumbling, while the technical student will find that each single added letter or alteration or conjecture is carefully marked, and the precise state of the MS., together with the various restorations proposed, is given in an elaborate *apparatus criticus* immediately below the text The notes and introductions exhibit absolute thoroughness; they are not diffuse, but they shirk no difficulty whatever, and are admirable specimens of that Cambridge scholarship, at once masterly and minute, of which Mayor and Munro, Lightfoot and Jebb are types. On all questions connected with legal procedure at Athens, Dr. Sandys is an acknowledged authority, and his notes on such points are exceptionally good. His knowledge of Greek art and antiquities is also strikingly complete; for example, when a particular sort of "prize vase" is referred to, he is not content with describing it, but directs the student to the exact spot in the British Museum where the finest specimen is to be seen, and gives exact reference to numerous illustrated works where similar vases are depicted. In short, the edition is one which leaves future workers in the same field little to do, and the general reviewer nothing to criticise. It is a *magnum opus*, worthy of the best traditions of our English Universities, and indispensable to every classical library.

Though this edition is thus excellent, it must be acknowledged that the treatise of Aristotle is in itself not very interesting to ordinary readers. It forms but a minute fragment of the works of that voluminous writer, who literally "took all knowledge for his province," for of the 146 works by him the titles of which are known to us the 'Constitutions' form only one, and this work is said to have contained the account of 157 other constitutions in addition to that of Athens. The first half of the treatise, which gives a condensed account of the growth of the Athenian constitution and its development into an advanced democracy, has been aptly termed 'A Primer of Constitutional History'; the second half contains a list of the various officials and magistrates in Aristotle's day, with a brief *résumé* of their duties, mode of election, and the like. It does not convey much information that is new, for though the work itself has been so long lost, it was used as an authority and largely quoted by many writers of antiquity, so that its substance was already fairly well known, nor is there anything very novel or striking about the writing. In this respect, however, the work is unique, for it is the sole specimen extant of Aristotle's more popular and less esoteric writings, and the style, in marked contrast to his usual crabbed and jerky jottings, is at any rate easy and fluent, though hardly exhibiting the *dicendi incredibilis copia et suavitas* or the *flumen orationis aureum* which Cicero attributes to the great teacher of Alexander. As a matter of fact, graces of style or marked signs of the writer's individuality could hardly be looked for in a sort of handbook like this, which, though universally attributed to Aristotle, might with perfect ease have been drawn up by one of his pupils under his supervision. Once, however, there is a touch of satire worthy of a master hand, when the writer relates how Pericles, unable to cope with the personal liberality of the aristocrat Cimon, accepted the advice of "Damonides of Oea, who counselled him, since he was worsted in his private means, *to bestow on the people what was their own.*" The advice of Damonides—"who," it is added parenthetically, "the people afterwards banished"—was taken, and Pericles secured his pre-eminence by lavishing the public funds upon the populace, but this method of electoral bribery has had so many modern imitators, and is so much the danger of democracies, that the name and fate of its author, together

* 'Aristotle's Constitution of Athens.' A revised text, with introduction, notes, etc. By J. E. Sandys, Litt.D. pp. lxxx., 1-302. (Macmillan and Co., 1893.) 15s.

with the exact shape in which it was originally given, possess a special interest.

The dry list of Athenian officials in the second half of the work is naturally tedious, but the student will find many curious details, the oddest of which is perhaps the account of the ten city ædiles, whose duty it was to "supervise the pay and engagements of dancing girls," and also to see to "the collection of garbage"—a peculiar combination of duties which some of our modern ædiles seem to find neither unreasonable nor unpleasant. The first half is lighter reading, and though only a summary, yet occasionally it presents some supposed facts of history in a new and striking light. Thus the family of the Alcmæonidæ have always enjoyed the reputation of having lavished their fortune on a contract for rebuilding the temple of Delphi; a single phrase, however, now relegates them to the ordinary rank of contractors, and describes them not as sacrificing, but as *making* a fortune out of the work. Again, every schoolboy has been taught to call Aristides "the Just": Aristotle, however, calmly describes this "just" man as suggesting the taxation of the Athenian allies after the battle of Salamis, in order that Athenian jurymen might receive good fees and eat the bread of idleness. How flimsy are historical reputations! What good is it to be called "the Just" for twenty-four centuries, and then to have your virtue discredited by the chance opening of a mouldering tomb in Egypt? What profit is there in human praise, when two lines on a scrap of papyrus, which a hungry worm might have consumed in an hour's meal, can render questionable a fame that has outlived empires?

T. E. Page.

THE WANDERING JEW.*

De La Motte Fouqué in one of his romances describes the Father of Evil as having a face that no man could remember, and a name that sounded "Greek and noble," but passed out of men's minds as soon as it was uttered. I find Mr. Buchanan's new poem well-nigh as hard to remember now that I take it up a month after first reading it. I have a vague recollection of something vehement, insistent, eloquent, and chaotic, with here and there a touch or two of serener beauty. I recollect also that while I was reading it Mr. Buchanan was hurling no less vehement, insistent, eloquent, and chaotic expostulations at the head of one who liked him not, and that he was explaining—I remember no more—that the bulk of English literature, from the 'Faery Queen' and 'Paradise Lost' to our own day, was quite ineffective because "mere literature." Poem and expostulations alike were no doubt "Greek and noble," or some modern equivalent for these things, but they are, so far as I am concerned, with the snows of yester year. But I must try and bring this 'Wandering Jew' back into memory again.

The poet meets in the streets of the city, late one night, an old man, weak and forlorn. This old man reveals himself to be the Wandering Jew. Then by various signs, the control of the elements, the stigmata on his hands, the Wandering Jew makes himself known as Christ. Finally the poet sees a vision of a vast Golgotha amid a sea of human souls, and upon this Golgotha "the Spirit of Humanity" sits as judge. Christ is brought before him and is accused by a skeleton-like figure, who is apparently Death, and by a cloud of witnesses from all periods and nations. Among these witnesses are Buddha, Nero, Galileo, Bruno, Montezuma, Petrarch, De Gama, Columbus, and countless others. Christ, they say, was a noble but self-deluded enthusiast who misled the world and cheated it of present happiness by fatal dreams of happiness hereafter, by the persecution of his clergy, and by a feverish asceticism. They talk, no matter what their period or nation, as though they came fresh from a study of the *National Reformer*, and the publication of a certain Fleet Street house, and all agree with Mr. Buchanan that Christianity "is played out." In despair of getting anything but "mere literature" from the witnesses, we turn to the symbolism itself, and find a very well-arranged "grand valley" of the Last Judgment, and nothing more. I do not wish to be flippant, or to be guilty of that easiest of shallow things, "smart writing," but I can find no other phrase. This "valley" affects the nerves and the senses certainly, but the heart and the intellect—no. Blake painted a Last Judgment, but how different his method was can be seen by his own description. "I entreat that the spectator," he wrote, "will attend to the hands and feet, to the lineaments of the countenance. They are all descriptive of character, and not a line is drawn without intention, and that most discriminate and particular. As poetry admits not a letter that is insignificant, so painting admits not a grain of sand or a blade of grass insignificant, much less an insignificant blur or blot." Let us look to the "lineaments" of Mr. Buchanan's personages. Here is his "Spirit of Humanity":—

> "Then my soul was 'ware
> Of One who silent sat in judgment there,
> Shrouded and spectral; lonely as a cloud
> He loomed above the surging and shrieking crowd.
> Human he seemed, and yet his eye-balls shone
> From fleshless sockets of a skeleton,
> And from the shroud around him darkly roll'd
> He pointed with a fleshless hand and cold
> At those who came."

Compare this admirable fragment of rhetoric with the no less admirably rhetorical description of the accuser, Death or whatever he be:—

> "Then calmly amid the shadows of the throne
> Another awful shrouded skeleton,
> Human, yet more than human, rose his height,
> With baleful eyes of wild and wistful light."

There is surely no "discriminate and particular" intention in these vague and commonplace affrightments. Does Mr. Buchanan think that "the Spirit of Humanity" and "Death" have no distinct identity? If he thinks that they have not, then why not make this plain? and if he thinks they have—and surely even Mr. Buchanan would not make them different personages unless he saw a difference—why not give some outer sign of opposing function and nature, for "poetry admits not a letter that is insignificant"? He seems anxious alone to make a vague impression of sublimity by piling up indefinite words and pictures, veritable offspring of the void, and by uttering sonorous words that, howsoever "Greek and noble," have make them stick in the heart and the memory. He fails, as most moderns fail when they attempt long poems; he has no real sublimity because no precision of thought and phrase. When once the vague shock to the nerves has gone by, the intellect has nothing to ponder over and to recall the impression by.

Mr. Buchanan is perhaps hardly to blame except in his choice of subject, for he is neither mystic, metaphysician, or theologian, and you cannot write to any purpose about human hope and human fate—Christ and Golgotha—without being one or other of these three things. He has in fact given us "mere literature," when we had a right to expect not only high literature, but high philosophy. I say this with the more regret because I am heartily at one with much of Mr. Buchanan's disgust at the worship of "mere literature." Great literature is always great because the writer was thinking of truth and life and beauty more than of literary form and literary fame. The belief of the typical literary man of the time, that you can separate poetry from philosophy and from belief, is but the phantasy of an empty day. Dante, who revealed God, and Shakespeare, who revealed man, must have spent their days in brooding upon God and upon man, and not upon the technique of style and the gossip of literary history. When philosophy and belief have gone out of life, then, and then only, shall they be gone out of literature. Let us certainly, if we will, hold with Mr. Buchanan that "mere literature" is accursed; but do not let us trumpet, as Mr. Buchanan does, "mere literature," which is also "mere journalism" set to rhyme, as never-to-be-forgotten revelation, but let us remember always that Providence has provided a place for it and a use in the journals of the day. So long as it keeps to that place and that use we should give thanks for whatever of "Greek and noble" it may have, but let us not encourage it to revolt like him who fell into pride of old time.

W. B. Yeats.

* 'The Wandering Jew.' By Robert Buchanan. (Chatto and Windus.)

THE CHURCH IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE.*

Since the death of Bishop Lightfoot it would be hard to find any British scholar better fitted to deal with the difficult questions raised by the subject of this book than Professor Ramsay. The centre of Christian activity during the period was unquestionably Asia Minor; and no one has the same direct personal acquaintance with its topography as the distinguished author of its 'Historical Geography,' who has already made such important additions to our knowledge of it. The action of the Roman authorities cannot be understood without a familiarity with the forms of legal procedure under the Empire, in which it is Professor Ramsay's especial business to be at home. And whatever gleams of light can be reflected from the scanty remains of early Christian literature, have to be concentrated by means of a close and repeated study, which Professor Ramsay, in the singular versatility of his interests, has already shown that he has given to them. The high anticipations which were aroused by the announcement of the course of lectures at Mansfield College, on which this book is based, will certainly not be disappointed.

In the eight chapters which form Part I., the author discusses the journeys of St. Paul in Asia Minor. Some portions of this have already appeared in the *Expositor*, and students are therefore familiar with most of the positions that are maintained; but it may be worth while referring to the points of special interest. Professor Ramsay contends that Acts xiii.-xxi., the "travel document," as he calls it, is an authority of the highest value, as based directly upon the information of St. Paul (herein modifying a view which he expressed in the *Expositor* for January, 1892), and is marked by the use of local names in the Roman, not in the popular sense. This theory is one which well deserves examination from other points of view than those which his immediate purpose suggested to its author. He has certainly established a strong claim for the provisional acceptance of his view. It is to be regretted that time did not allow a fuller statement and examination of Spitta's position; what is given is tantalizing, and as it stands hardly intelligible. One great advantage of Professor Ramsay's suggestion is that it lends strong support to the view, which has always been very tempting, but has been rejected by most scholars, except Renan and Perrot, because of the grave difficulties in the way, that the "Galatian" churches were those of Antioch, Iconium, Derbe, and Lystra. If it can be shown that the region in which these towns lay was likely to have been described as "Galatia," very welcome light is thrown upon the circumstances of their foundation, and so upon the interpretation of the Epistle. It will be surprising if Professor Ramsay's array of arguments, put forward with great candour, and with a full recognition of the difficulties that are left, is not generally felt to turn the balance very decidedly in favour of what is known as the "South-Galatian" theory. The book would have been well worth publishing if it had given us nothing but this. It is difficult, however, to put much confidence in the arguments drawn from the text of the *Codex Bezae;* they are often very precarious in themselves, and at best deal only with the fringe of a very thorny question. Part II. deals more directly with the subject indicated by the title. The imperative need of the method of study which the author advocates and illustrates is shown by some striking instances drawn from modern criticism. It is refreshing to find a scholar so well versed in the achievements of German research maintaining a position of such independence in the presence of great names, and showing how far writers like Dr. Pfleiderer and Dr. Harnack can go astray when misled by a false method. Professor Ramsay points out, following the accurate statement of Mommsen, that the persecution of the Christians was due in the first instance to the exercise of the general administrative powers of the provincial governors. He shows how originally it was the criminal acts, that were supposed to be deducible from the name of Christian, which were punished; how then the popular feeling of antipathy, arising from different sources, led to the condemnation of Christians merely as such; and finally how that the Christians were punished by a deliberate policy, as members of an organisation dangerous to the Empire. In working out these points, Professor Ramsay has to sweep away a whole mass of misconceptions and misinterpretations which have gathered round the accounts alike of Nero's persecution, and of the action of Pliny in Bithynia, a task which he discharges with conspicuous success. Among the more interesting incidental results of a discussion, which is almost embarrassingly full of such, we must not overlook the contributions made towards determining the dates of various New Testament books. Starting from the so-called "critical" standpoint, and accepting provisionally the prevalent German theories, Professor Ramsay has in almost every instance found evidence in the historical surroundings, tending to confirm the more orthodox traditions. He would probably be the first to acknowledge that this is not in itself decisive; but he is entitled to claim that it should be taken into account.

Space does not permit of any discussion of details. It must suffice to say that every serious student of Roman history, whether approaching it from the ecclesiastical or the more general point of view, will make himself familiar with this book; and that no one will do so without quite unusual interest and profit.

A. S. Wilkins.

* 'The Church in the Roman Empire before A.D. 170.' By W. M. Ramsay, M.A. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 8vo, pp. xvi. 494.

BERNARDIN DE SAINT PIERRE.*

Is it merely out of respect to tradition that Bernardin de Saint Pierre is given a place among "Great French Writers"? Many persons looking at him with English eyes will feel that it must be so: to them his survival and his place of honour are among the puzzles of literature. The mention of 'Paul et Virginie' to any of the younger generation probably only calls up a smile of amusement. Very likely they have never read it, but they have an idea it is full of the gush and the lachrymose sentiment in vogue in the ridiculous days of their grandmothers. M. Barine's monograph has been put into English to tell us why though much of Saint Pierre is out of date he yet survives. The only fault to be found with the monograph is the too great deference paid to Saint Pierre's theories and his pretension to be a thinker. His scheme of human reform was a feeble version of Rousseau's, but it was, of course, highly coloured by his own likes, dislikes, and idosyncrasies —which can be equally seen in his plan to eradicate all subjects that appeal mainly to the reasoning faculties from the regenerated system of education, and in his genial suggestion of a statue to do special honour to Nicot in his projected recreative Paradise at Neuilly. His theories and methods hardly merit examination. Those that were his own were but poor food to offer a grown-up, and even an aging world, with robuster passions and more complicated needs than Saint Pierre would ever bring himself to take cognisance of. Rousseau still wins souls; Bernardin's structure, if it ever could be called such, toppled over long ago. He had neither the understanding of human conditions nor the mental grasp necessary for system-making.

Mr. Birrell, in his delightfully candid but rather insubstantial preface, says he does not like 'Paul et Virginie,' but that the 'Etudes de la Nature' have afforded him much entertainment. No one need quarrel with him because he reverses the ordinary judgment, but it is a matter of regret that anyone with so keen a sense of literary flavours as Mr. Birrell should pay so much attention to the silly prudery of the idyll and so little to its tenderness, grace, and dignity. To mention only one passage; Paul's grief has no tragic power about it; but where has the suffering of an untried, undisciplined young creature ever been more pathetically rendered? The little read 'Etudes' are, of course, the more interesting to those seriously bent on understanding Saint Pierre's place in French literature. They needs must have had great qualities to survive the nonsense they contain—"Nature invented the hideous scorpion to be a salutary terror to us, to keep us away from damp, unhealthy places, its ordinary abode." "Corpses were created for the carnivorous animals," etc., etc. But M. Barine and Mr. Birrell do well to remind us of the good stuff that grows

* Bernardin de Saint Pierre. By Arvède Barine. With a Preface by A. Birrell. Great French Writers. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

very plentifully amid rubbish like this. Saint Pierre was no thinker; his system was shoddy. But he was a rare thing in his day, a man with a genuine love of the out-of-door world. He looked at it straight with open eyes. He was one of the first to chronicle it in unconventional language. Perhaps he more than anyone else led the way to that intimate love of nature which is the best possession of this century. That and his admirable style are the secrets of his survival.

The most valuable part of M. Barine's book is the too brief portion descriptive of Saint Pierre's striking and forcible personality. Aimé Martin's ideal travesty of him should henceforth be blotted out.

The translator can hardly be complimented on his work. At its best it is good enough, but sentences like "What did they not impute to him for crime?"; "invalids who died while speaking to one"; "more than one reader was scandalised just now that we dared to speak freely of a sacred masterpiece, though he has not read 'Paul et Virginie' since the days when he bowled his hoop, and would have been much surprised if it had been proposed to him"—have no right to admission into an English book.

G-Y.

TWO DIALECT BOOKS.*

The different problems that have to be attacked by the English Dialect Society are well illustrated in the two volumes that form their latest issue. One is a Glossary, and the other is a Grammar. The only safe basis for a General Dialect Dictionary is the work of such careful workers as Mr. Heslop, chronicling with rigid accuracy the vocabulary of the "common people," who often retain in their conservative memory words and phrases that were once used by the poet and the statesman, but have dropped out of the literary language in the course of that struggle for existence which goes on amongst words as well as men. Sometimes the phrases rejected from books have a strength, appropriateness, and beauty that would possibly ensure them a welcome if they were once more introduced under the protection of some powerful poet or novelist. Incidentally any good glossary—and Mr. Heslop's is an excellent one—reveals much of the folk-lore and habits of thought of the dialect speakers. The "adder-steyen," or holed stone, we learn, was used as a charm alike in the houses and the boats of Northumbria; "acre deal," "ather," "bank," "Boon day," "catch day," refer to old methods of agriculture, and there is rough poetry in the name of "bad man's oatmeal" and "dead man's oatmeal," given to the seeds of hemlock. The *ajuga reptans* is "dead man's bellows," the purple foxglove is "dead man's bells," the great starwort is "dead man's bones," the *silene maritima* is "dead man's grief," the spotted orchis is "dead man's hand," and the early orchis is "dead man's thumb." The marsh orchis has impressed the popular fancy, and is known by such varied names as "dead man's fingers," "De'il's foot," "Adam and Eve," "Cain and Abel," and "Cock's cames." The main object of a glossary is vocabulary, and Mr. Heslop in his first volume, extending from A to F, records not less than 3,000 words. Some of these, especially the mining words, are almost peculiar to the locality, but others with variations in pronunciation are known over a wide area, and will have their place in almost every glossary. Mr. Heslop has not, we regret to say, adopted any exact system of notation, and so the phonology of the dialect is not treated with that fulness demanded by the late Mr. A. J. Ellis from dialect workers. But in Mr. Heslop's introduction there are many excellent observations on the peculiarities of grammar and speech.

Professor Wright's 'Windhill Grammar' is very solid and satisfactory. The idea is a good one, and the execution thoroughly painstaking and accurate. To talk, as is sometimes done, of "the Yorkshire" or "the Lancashire" dialect is misleading if the phrase is to be construed with scientific accuracy. The general dialect of a district will vary considerably in its different localities. Hence the importance of Professor Wright's method. He has taken a definite area and written a grammatical monograph, in which the sounds are analysed and the accidence is displayed. The speech of Windhill is illustrated by amusing specimens in prose and verse, which are given in Dr. Sweet's notation as used in his 'Primer of Phonetics.' It will thus be seen that for the student of phonology Mr. Wright has provided an unusually important document, all the more so that he says, "As a guarantee for the general accuracy of the material contained in the book, I need only state that I spoke the dialect pure and simple until I was practically grown up."

The English Dialect Society may be congratulated on the additional service it has rendered to scholarship by the publication of these two books.

William E. A. Axon.

* 'Northumberland Words. A Glossary of Words used in Northumberland and on the Tyneside.' By Richard Oliver Heslop. Vol. I. 12s. 6d. (Published for the English Dialect Society by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.) 'A Grammar of the Dialect of Windhill in the West Riding of Yorkshire.' By Joseph Wright, M.A., Ph.D. 12s. 6d. (Same publishers.)

SCOTTISH REMINISCENCES.*

The scope of Mr. Langhorne's pleasantly discursive volume is wider than is indicated by its title. In reality it is a book about Scotland and Scotchmen during the hundred years which followed the rebellion of 1745. His grandfather graduated at Edinburgh in 1771, before becoming Scotch Episcopal minister at Musselburgh, where he was succeeded for a time by the author's father. For the quarter of a century preceding 1771 (as in the case of subsequent years), Mr. Langhorne has drawn on old books and records, well-chosen extracts from which throw light on the social life of Scotland during that period, with special reference to the Scottish Episcopal Church, then in a very depressed condition. The author's own experiences of student life at Edinburgh and Glasgow enable him to sketch such occupiers of Scottish university chairs as Sir Daniel Sandford, Professor Ramsay, uncle of the present professor of the same name, and Professor Thomson, the father of Lord Kelvin. Among his full-length literary portraits are those of Bishop Terrot, Archdeacon Williams, the first headmaster of the Edinburgh Academy, and the author's own cousin, Wyville Thomson, of the *Challenger* expedition. Mr. Langhorne's early life at Musselburgh, where his father was long the head of a well-known school, has furnished him with interesting matter respecting such notables as D. M. Moir ("Delta") and Sir Thomas Brisbane, of Peninsular fame. He gives also a copious account of the English Langhornes of the eighteenth century, among them John, the poet, and his brother William, the translator of Plutarch. Observing that when not using his *nom-de-plume* Mark Twain called himself S. Langhorne Clements, Mr. Langhorne wrote to him to inquire if he was connected with the British Langhornes, and received for reply that the Langhorne among his names was merely a memorial of a Langhorne who had been a valued friend of his father. Mr. Langhorne addressed his letter simply "Mark Twain, U.S.A." Only three weeks afterwards he received a reply from a German watering-place signed "S. Langhorne Clements," an incident which the author commends to the notice of those who "decry the Post Office." The entertaining and instructive volume is intended chiefly for Scotchmen, who will find in it racy Scottish anecdotes not told elsewhere. Perhaps in a future volume the author will give what may interest English readers, reminiscences of his clerical life in England, especially of that section of it during which, as the first Vicar of St. Augustine's, Stepney, he laboured zealously among the poor of the East-end of London.

MR. MALLOCK'S VERSES.†

Between the outside and the inside of this volume there is an interesting contrast. We are looking at the limited edition in white vellum and gilt lettering, the widest of margins, most superior of paper and daintiest of type.

* 'Reminiscenees chiefly connected with Inveresk and Musselburgh, and Sketches of Family Histories.' By the Rev. W. H. Langhorne, M.A. Cantab, Rector of Worton, Oxon, formerly first Vicar of St. Augustine's, Stepney. (Edinburgh: David Douglas. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co.)

† 'Verses.' By W. H. Mallock. (Hutchinson.)

Verily, in Mr. Mallock's words, it is "a husk of pleasure round a heart of sorrow." For Mr. Mallock has gathered up here the essence of his pessimism, and the effect of the white vellum is rather that of a richly sculptured tomb. The verses are not all despairing, however. They break into high spirits to tease Mr. Swinburne with a mocking echo of his own sonorousness, and of the moods when he was wont to be "calling and bawling" to Freedom "to set something free," or to good humouredly chaff "The Souls." He has moods of gentle hopefulness, but, alas! the skeleton is only round the corner. Even in his "Boatsong" we see it grinning on the strand—

"All things we can endure but rest.
What of the shore and friends? young oarsman,
Never row us again to shore."

Pessimism has, of course, a right to express itself, and the only time we ever genuinely resent it is when it looks into "the eyes of eight years old," and is not transformed into something else, but says to the child:

"Between your eyelids swims the look
That says, 'My faith in prayer is o'er.'
Your mouth seems quivering to the lost,
'Kiss me that kiss once more!'"

Mr. Mallock's verse is clear and often sweet in tone. One of the many "To Irma's," in a somewhat original metre, shows him at his best—

"See, in the west the day fails!
Low on the sands the waves sound,
Slow on the down the lean sails
Of the mill drift round.

. . . . . .

Hold me fast by your true hand—
Turn away from the changed sea!
Our day forsakes the forlorn land,
Never forsake me."

MASTER DON GESUALDO.*

'The House by the Medlar Tree' first gave English readers an opportunity of making acquantence with Verga's work. Let us hope that the appearance of 'Don Gesualdo,' translated by the same competent hand, means that we are gradually to be given the rest of the novels, those of rustic and provincial life, at least. Verga is certainly one of the first of living novelists. It is difficult to describe in a little space wherein consists his power, but his first quality is the rare enough one of originality. He has substantially invented a method of fiction, and till now he has had no imitators either in English or French literature. Indeed his method is such as would lead an unskilful, second-rate imitator straight to perdition. Its most essential characteristic is the suppression of himself. Verga is nowhere in these stories of his. The modern novelist of the naturalist school who offers to the world pages of life without editing or revision, has not reached this point. He is close at hand himself to play the showman, perhaps even to moralise between the acts. Most story-tellers look at life as if from some height from whence they can see the whole course of events, the beginning and end of things, the whole plan of the field; and they take their readers up with them. Verga does nothing of the kind. He makes you stand on the level of the human beings you are watching: you have the advantage of your own height, and eye-sight, and hearing—nothing more. He sets you down in gossiping little towns, in crowded village festas, in the midst of family squabbles, and lets you gather out of the noise and the chatter and the altercations just what you are capable of gathering. It is all very bewildering, you say. And so is life. A great deal of it is very dull, incomplete, fragmentary. The liker to life. Not that he desires to present dulness and incoherent fragments. But he knows that those who live long enough, or see keenly enough, learn how to disentangle the threads of life, to pick up the dropped stitches, and guess the pattern. At first sight all is chaotic like a page of to-day's newspaper; but there is not a flaw in the logic of events. Of course his method is tedious enough at times, and I am far from desiring that all or even much fiction should be modelled on his. His occasional tediousness may be inadvertent or intentional. He is possibly as indifferent as the later Ibsen to mere fine writing, and is confident he will find readers in those who understand human life.

'Master Don Gesualdo' is a harder nut to crack than 'The House by the Medlar Tree.' There is less incidental beauty in it. It is absolutely impossible to pronounce judgment on it till the last page has been read, so much is it all of a piece, made up though it seems of shreds and patches. The scene is laid in poverty-stricken provincial Italy in the first half of this century. Its picture of broken-down palaces, a nobility out at elbows, even shivering and hungry, is matter of fact in style, and there is not a word to call your attention unduly to any pathos in the situation. The dim rise of the commercial era is seen in the money-grubbing which alternates with helpless, hopeless poverty. Don Gesualdo is a peasant who has made a great fortune by the sweat of his brow, by his very life-blood. He is not an admirable character. Away from his work he is dull and rough. He loves his gold, and still more the lands he has bought, and tilled, and made fruitful. But he does well by his own kin, who turn and rend him with ingratitude. He is induced to marry the poor starving daughter of a noble house for the sake of the influence he will gain thereby. The payment of influence is not made, and he never wins his wife's affection. He marries his daughter to a nobleman, who despises him and despoils him. A man of force and will, circumstances are too strong for him, and he dies lonely and loveless in his daughter's palace, with his polite harpy of a son-in-law watching for his last breath to seize the gold and lands that will buy the luxury his peasant's soul revolted from. 'Don Gesualdo' suggests comparisons with one or two great figures in imaginative literature, with 'Pere Goriot' for instance, and will stand the test. G-Y.

*'Master Don Gesualdo.' By Giovanni Verga; translated by M. A. Craig. 2 vols. (Osgood.)

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.*

With limitations, this is a thoroughly well-done piece of work. The editing is at fault. If ever a book needed annotation this one does, and notes there are none. The conscientious and keenly interested reader must refer constantly to other books and papers. There is a good deal to fascinate as well as to interest, and the dryness of its style, the scantness of its words by no means take away from this effect. It is emphatically a soldier's book in its promptness, its exactness of expression; "Undertaken," as it was, "in all simplicity of purpose as a popular history, it is practically from beginning to end the expression of a private opinion of the war by the Field-Marshal himself." Moltke's opinion is worth something from a military point of view, and the book, with some recent fiction, will provide the general reader with reasons enough for the war ending as it did. There is little cant about the horrors of war, though Moltke retorts on the usual commonplaces about belligerent kings, by saying that people usually make war now-a-days, and that "a peace-loving sovereign is less rare than a parliament composed of wise men." And the horrors he jots down relentlessly need no comment. The narrative is written in picturesque shorthand; of this the chapter "Battle before Le Mans" gives examples enough—"When presently the infantry entered the town, a fierce struggle began in the streets, which were entirely blocked by the French trains. Entrance into individual houses had to be cleared by artillery fire." His contempt for the enemy is generally veiled under good-breeding and the feeling of superiority born of success. The orders of battle and the magnificent map, render the book of special interest to soldiers, to writers of history, and to everyone capable of reading into this curt record the obvious and terrible drama it reports.

* 'The Franco-German War of 1870-71.' By Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke. Translation revised by Archibald Forbes. With a Map, Notes, and Orders of Battle. (Osgood.)

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

PERSEUS WITH THE HESPERIDES. By Bryan Charles Waller. (G. Bell and Son.)

Mr. Waller does not altogether discredit the "three poets of his kith and kin'—Edmund Waller, Barry Cornwall and Adelaide Procter—to whom he dedicates his poem. His story of Perseus' fulfilment of the vow to Polydectes flows harmoniously, and in his treatment of it there is grace and dignity. There are, however, few lines or portions much better than the rest, a circumstance—such is the frailty of human verse—pointing to no high excellence. There are lines that are flat, and one at least, that is incorrect, "Who of men is here but we." Perseus is occasionally a little prosy, and Atlas on moderate drinking and other topics decidedly so. Superior-minded readers may turn away from the poem because it has nothing classical about it, either in spirit or diction. It is rather for young readers, to whom its purity, grace, and abundance of poetic sentiment will appeal. If we can point to no passage of great brilliancy or power, there is yet much sweetness in the picture of Pallas Athené transformed into the likeness of a little harassed child in need of Perseus' chivalry, and considerable strength in the description of natural scenery, notably of the swampy flats and dingy moorland wastes over which Perseus flew before the Gorgons.

ENGLISH PROSE SELECTIONS; with Critical Introductions. Edited by Henry Craik. Vol. I.; 14th to 16th century. (Macmillan.)

This is a treasure-house of good things, a book to make one fall in love with one's language, spoken so well by so many little known to fame. The editor, Canon Ainger, Mr. Saintsbury, Mr. J. W. Hales, Mr. W. P. Ker, Mr. Gosse, the late Professor Minto and others have fulfilled their parts admirably, their introductions to the various writers being suggestive rather than exhaustive. A curious mistake, however, is pointed out in our note on p. 7. But it is the selections from Wycliffe, Mandeville, Malory, Caxton, More, Tyndale, Ascham, Buchanan, Sidney, Spenser, Hooker, Hakluyt, Raleigh, Daniel, and many another that give the book its real value. No such collection, evincing so much scholarly and literary judgment, has been offered before to the student of English prose.

LITERARY BLUNDERS; A Chapter in the History of Human Error. By H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A. (E. Stock.)

Mr. Wheatley might have written a long chapter. He has evidently large stores to draw from, and had he drawn more largely, he might have omitted some of the "Foreigner's English" and "Schoolboy's Blunders"—not always very amusing, though, to the latter—Professor Oliver Lodge has contributed a series of answers to examination papers in Acoustics, which only those familiar with the peculiar mental conditions of examinees will credit. Of the more strictly literary blunders, typographical, bibliographical, blunders of fact and of translation, many given here are old friends, but Mr. Wheatley has fished in unfamiliar waters too. The bibliographical ones are the best, but there are too many as good as "Commentarii De Bello Gallico in usum Scholarum Liber Tirbius: Author, Mr. C. J. Cæsoris," or P. V. Maroni's "The Opera" for us to begin to quote in our limited space.

AN AGNOSTIC'S APOLOGY. By Leslie Stephen. (Smith, Elder.)

These reprinted essays will cause less sensation, favourable or the reverse, than they would have done some years ago. For the moment this kind of speculation is out of fashion. People are more concerned with the practical outcome of creeds than with their logical position, and no one can be more glad of this than Mr. Stephen. But from its appeal to the test of realities rather than of words, by its appeal for clear thinking, it could never be unseasonable. Yet it does a little quibbling of its own in "The Scepticism of Believers." The tone is sometimes rather schoolboyish, and sometimes rasping, as when it says, "The higher point of view—no one worth notice will deny it to be the higher—is gained by approximation to the Agnostic." It is once at least false to human history—"A strong faith of that stamp [that accepts the Bible literally] really means a dull imagination. The livelier the imaginative faculty, the firmer the grasp of the vital laws of the world." But those who read those essays of Mr. Stephen for the first time will find them generally marked by respect for opinions other than his own, as well as by an altogether uncommon honesty, and by an admirably clear utterance which in this connection amounts to a moral quality.

THE POETS AND NATURE. Reptiles, Fishes, and Insects. By Phil Robinson. (Chatto and Windus.)

This is mainly an indictment of poets for their treatment of poor dumb animals. They have been ignorant and conceited, and, with honourable exceptions—no living poet except Jean Ingelow is quoted—have talked nonsense about the Nature they professed to adore. Marvel, Keats, and Shelley "are always in fancy delightfully in sympathy with the spirit, if not always the letter, of Nature's doings"; but Mr. Robinson finds out Thomson and Thomson's betters in shameful blunders. He is terribly sarcastic at the expense of poets who take away the characters of honest animals. "Their toads are loathsome, and their frogs obscene. Their chameleons are turncoats, and their scorpions traitors. Their snakes are utterly abominable." This "strikes me as thoroughly immoral." It needed a good deal of humour as well as nature knowledge to compile this book; to detect, for instance, the fun of Allan Ramsay's description of the ponderous whale attacking the herring shoal "by stealth." It is a delightful book, especially for the naturalist who doesn't write verses, but it is also most wholesome reading for poets.

THE ESSAYS OF MONTAIGNE. Florio's Translation. The Second Book. (Nutt.)

The first volume was previously noticed in The Bookman at some length. The appearance of the second gives another opportunity for calling attention to this ideal edition of a book beloved by all who love books wisely and human nature well.

ESSAYS ON LORD TENNYSON'S IDYLLS OF THE KING. By Harold Littledale. (Macmillan.)

These essays give a survey, mainly narrative, but also critical, of the 'Idylls,' with a constant reference to the sources of the poems. They are presumably meant for young students of literature. Indeed, in their first form they were lectures addressed to Professor Littledale's own students in India. To many young persons the book will be of real value. It may be their first introduction to a new world of romance and poetry. If it tempts them, as its many references may well do, to seek out for themselves the treasures to be found in Mahony, the Mabinogion, in Chrestien de Troyes, and Villemarqué, it will have been a good friend. But though its references are useful, and its selection of parallel passages skilfully made, the book is not good enough. The critical part, happily subordinate, is poor. Something might have been done to mark Tennyson's high and low water mark, measured nowhere so easily as in the 'Idylls,' and the chapter on the Prologue and Epilogue might have been omitted. What is not superfluous in that chapter might have been summed up in a paragraph.

NOVEL NOTES, &c.

THE MARPLOT. By S. R. Lysaght. 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

High spirits, fun at the expense of the conventionalities, mellowed by some genuine humour, cover a multitude of sins in 'The Marplot.' A reader may frown at its violation of the rules of fiction or of the proprieties, but it will at least have tickled his fancy once or twice, perhaps touched his sympathies, and given him reason to expect something better from the writer. Mr. Lysaght revels in seeing Mrs. Grundy turn up her eyes, and it is with a kind of irrepressible schoolboy burst of fun that he tells of Dick's meeting with the fashionable party while in the company of Connie (just escaped from the circus and adorned with spangles) and the donkey; of the introduction of the learned and guileless professor to the Bohemian circles of Chelsea, and of Connie dangling her legs over the Longfield monument in the churchyard in gleeful anticipation of the annoyance the sight of her will cause certain respectable folks when they are released from the service. Few of the characters are

cut out of everyday cloth, and they crowd each other with their individualities more than would happen in actual life, where eccentricity is not inconveniently common. The story is fatiguing, too, in the way it jolts you about, from philanthropy to artistic Bohemia, from Ireland and dark conspiracies to Gordon and the desert. But flighty as Mr. Lysaght is, he stops long enough in one spot to make shrewd observations on even the minor actors in his play on the young lady, for instance, to whom "religious doubts were more sacred than faith itself," and on Sir Compton, whose rôle in life was to be a host, who "unconsciously felt a joint authorship with the Creator in the view which he gave his guests from the window, and a joint responsibility for the weather while they were with him." It should be said that for all its high spirits the story is nevertheless a melancholy one. Perhaps Mr. Lysaght will use less material next time, and stitch it better together. He promises to be an entertaining writer. Indeed he already is so, for there is not a dull page in 'The Marplot.'

AN EASTER VACATION. By Moira O'Neill. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

Miss O'Neill is ingenious. She has found a heading for every chapter in her book from "Twelfth Night," and the headings selected according to this whim fit the various occasions without too much stretching. She has left the old country and the brogue, and set herself down to chronicle the doings of English folks in a Devonshire watering-place. What happened during the Easter vacation is of no great consequence, but slight as is the story, at least it is a page out of real life, cleverly reflecting the conventions and tone of a highly respectable "set." Miss O'Neill has proved before now that she can write a story. What is sufficiently evident here is her power of watching and marking the finer play of certain minds with whom presumably she is in sympathy. She writes, for instance, as if she had a long and close acquaintance with the boy Mac, with Geoffery Tennant, a minor personage, and with the heroine, Maisie, honest and charming.

ROPES OF SAND. By R. E. Francillon. 3 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)

Miss Mabel Openshaw had an ardent lover whose devotion annoyed her. So she set him a task well nigh as hopeless as spinning ropes of sand to get him out of her way. Till he had seen her he was a good-for-nothing lout, who "looked like a fisherman with a touch of the gamekeeper, or, much more accurately, like a wrecker with a dash of the poacher. Or, perhaps, like a blackguard with a dash of the gentleman, or a gentleman running into blackguard, each meeting each midway—the blackguard being past the line." But Mabel's task sent him out into the world, and hardship, adventure, and danger—it was in stormy 1793—quickened his wits, and sent him home a very fine young fellow indeed. He had followed up the quest with zeal and success, but experience had opened his eyes, and he no longer sought the reward, having found something better. The West Indian episodes, and some others, are clumsy and improbable. But the book is a good one. Parson Pengold and his pigs, the fascinating Quickset, and Nance, before her bewitchment, are excellent company. Mr. Francillon is an admirable writer too, and readers are not tempted to skip when the narrative is interrupted. That his out-of-door eyes are keen and true his description of the exasperating tricks played by the moon amongst trees is delightful proof. But when he stops to chronicle Nature he is quick to point out that it is a modern habit of his own, for which his eighteenth century personages would not have held themselves responsible—always excepting Cucumber Jack, a strange, weird creation, a kind of Barnaby Rudge, a Barnaby, however, whose idiosyncracies run to making rhymes and to taking the trees in the woods for his brothers and sisters.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHESUS. By M. E. Coleridge. (Chatto and Windus.)

This little book is in a state of lively effervescence. There is probably not much liquor below the froth, and it is hard to tell what kind it may be. The authoress has acquired a style—modelled on Dumas, perhaps—before she has made her story; and the effect is curious. The characters talk and strut and plot and counterplot and live in a state of picturesque mystery and bubbling excitement. And for all the world we feel as we do at the Italian opera with a libretto in our hands that we can't read a word of. Puzzled by the dark and terrible political animosity that pursues David, and by the unaccountable career of the royal personage, we begin to suspect that the elliptical manner has been put on to save the writer the trouble of making a perfectly coherent narrative. But if we take a great deal for granted, the book is sufficiently amusing. There is a swing and a breeziness about it that bear us along over many a hiatus.

A STUDY IN TEMPTATION. By John Oliver Hobbes. Pseudonym Library. (Unwin.)

"John Oliver Hobbes" means to shelter herself behind some truisms from Aristotle against the critics, who would speak of improbabilities in her characters and their conversations. But in fact she only reminds the ignorant critic that if she had considered a little more by whom "the actions and words were spoken or done, to whom, at what time, and for what end," she would not have made the larger part of her personages and all the important ones, think and speak so very much like "John Oliver Hobbes." They are labelled variously, of course, but she distributes amongst them very equally a certain number of epigrams and cynicisms and imprudences, and the result is that we are kept monotonously on the leer. We can't dine on sauce. "She is not like other geniuses—she is different," said Lady Hyde-Bassett, "They are all different—with a sameness. I have known thirty, and they were all pure-minded, and had, at least, three husbands and an episode." This cheap observation might have been made by almost any of the writer's smart-spoken characters. In justice, it should be said there is less of this schoolgirl cynicism than in the previous stories; there is more ability as distinguished from mere flippant cleverness. Some of it is very amusing, and some of it pretty—the elopement, for instance, which John Oliver Hobbes treats too seriously. But with this pirouetting in dangerous places, this blinking and winking at humanity, we are brought just as often near boredom as by the prosy moralising of more humdrum writers.

A MERE CYPHER. By M. A. Dickens. 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

In her newest story Miss Dickens has set herself an exceedingly difficult task—to depict a poorly-gifted, sad-coloured, spiritless human being, the willing victim of petty domestic tyranny, and yet, without violating probabilities, to prove that the poor drudge is endowed with the stuff out of which the heroines of great tragedy are made. "She had been a little stupid woman, and her life, to all appearance, had been passed in one long monotone of passive insignificance. To no one human being of those with whom her uneventful life had brought her into contact had she ever seemed to possess the faintest shadow of importance. No one had thought less about her than she had thought about herself. From herself, as from all her little world, the truth was hidden to the end; hidden by veil upon veil of humility; of patient acceptance of pain for herself as a mere matter of course, of simple dulness of perception." The motive of the crime she commits in the end is only humble gratitude. The crime will make smooth the way of one who has never felt more for her than contemptuous kindness. For herself, it is ruin, but that counts for so little in her maimed life. In spite of the dulness that wraps about the story of the London mission and Strange's emigration scheme, Miss Dickens' success with Mrs. Custance makes her book a notable one.

RUJUB THE JUGGLER. By G. A. Henty. 3 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)

This is a tale of the Indian Mutiny. The fighting scenes are good. The defence of the plucky little garrison, their daily struggles and despair, with their numbers lessening and terrible news from Cawnpore coming in—all that has a ring of reality about it. The story is ingeniously planned too. The mutiny is made the background with a purpose. In such circumstances physical courage was the one absolutely essential quality. Now the hero, Bathurst, has no lack of physical courage, but he has a constitutional weakness of nerve which makes him to all appearance a poltroon at the sound of a gun. The complications that arise from this, the scorn in which Bathurst is held—until a sudden knock on

the head rather mysteriously works a constitutional cure—form the interest of the story. The rest is dull, not excluding Rujub's wonderful juggling and convenient prophecies.

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT. By Beatrice Harraden. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

The mood and something of the outline of the story are revealed in the title. Never for a moment are we tempted to believe that the Disagreeable Man will forswear his cynicism and marry Bernardine. But though we know they will only "speak each other in passing," we had not bargained for a wholly unnecessary wreck, and we wish Miss Harraden had proved a better pilot. The story is distinctly of the present day. Bernardine's career, ambitions, and sentiments proclaim her unmistakably a citizen of London in this very decade. The very symptoms of her nervous prostration are of to-day, not yesterday. The scene of the story is Petershof, and sojourners in Davos and such-like places had better read the book just to see if the writer has been taking liberties with them. The Petershof invalids, their friends and caretakers, and the care bestowed by the caretakers on other people's invalids, are the objects of much satire, which a saving humour keeps from being savage. The surroundings are not cheerful, but these do not produce the cloying morbidity which, unfortunately, is the strongest impression left by the book. It seems to ooze out of the writer's pen, and to control the choice of her principal characters. Allitsen, whom disappointment has turned into a boor, who keeps alive in the mountains for his mother's sake, but who contemplates letting himself die as soon as she is removed; Bernardine, overworked and hopeless—these are sorrowful and not very healthy subjects of contemplation. But if you turn away from the picture quickly, you at least first stop to own how good is the work on it, and how faithfully the artist reflects the grey mists that shut out the sky from too many eyes to-day.

Popular Edition of Mr. CLARK RUSSELL'S Novels. 2s. 6d. each. (Chatto and Windus.)

This new edition is a gratifying testimony of the popularity of a wholesome writer. There are ten volumes lying to hand—'In the Middle Watch,' 'A Book for the Hammock,' 'On the Fo'ksle Head,' 'An Ocean Tragedy,' 'Round the Galley Fire,' 'The Romance of Jenny Harlowe,' partly repeated, by-the-bye, in 'Alone on a Wide, Wide Sea,' 'The Mystery of the Ocean,' 'A Voyage to the Cape,' and 'My Shipmate Louise.' They are bound in a breezy blue, a colour that smacks of the salt within. They are all very readable, and all calculated to draw even landlubber cockneys to the sea——side.

JOHN TREVENNICK. By W. C. Rhoades. 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

The author of 'John Trevennick' has too high a respect for the national revenue to give the smuggling incidents in his story an air of romance. His hero is inveigled into the contraband trade by an unscrupulous friend, but he never enjoys the excitement of it for a moment, and his after years are darkened by the thought of his fall from respectability. This may be very proper, but as Mr. Trevennick's previous career had been one of idleness, extravagance, and debt, his little smuggling expeditions at least came nearer to what might honestly be termed hard work than anything he had known before. He is a wholly uninteresting young English Cornishman, afflicted for a time by a lack of money, but not for long enough to endanger his position in society. Mr. Rhoades was evidently uneasy while he lived in an unfashionable quarter of London, and quickly got him out of it. The lonely house of an old admirer of his mother takes fire, and Trevennick is on the spot to put out the blazes. Of course he becomes heir to the owner of the house, and afterwards shows a talent for commercial speculation. The unscrupulous friend very nearly steals from him the affections of the heroine, a person of remarkably little discernment of character, but Trevennick surmounts this difficulty too, and by the last page success has fairly marked him for her own. Mr. Rhoades should make some study of boys. There is one here, a veritable swashbuckler by description, a genius in art, too, and of most desirable character, but his words are fawning and fulsome, and never passed an honest boy's mouth.

SHORT STORIES.

WESTERN STORIES. By William A. Atkinson. (W. and R. Chambers.)

SPORT ROYAL. By Anthony Hope. (A. D. Innes.)

Mr. Atkinson writes tales somewhat after the fashion of Bret Harte's earlier ones. He has the same desire to show old human passions in new places, soft hearts in rough coatings. The stories are written in a simple, unpretentious style; indeed, their interest is in the incidents rather than in the telling. But all of them—"Charlie Ransome," "The Boss of the Yellow Dog," "The Shawmut Trestle" especially—are readable.

'Sport Royal' begins well. The mystery is good. Mr. Jason's coolness is all that can be demanded even from a hero ready for an Arabian Night's Entertainment; the duel in which he is a principal, instead of some one else unknown, for the honour of a high-born lady unknown, makes one desire to know some further incidents in his career. The other stories are thin, and some of them entirely worthless, but Mr. Hope has piquancy, and an admirable talent for brevity.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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Editor of the Young Author's Page,
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to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

Aleph.—The verses have few faults of rhythm. But No. 1, at least, is poor, so far as the thought is concerned. No. 2 is better, but neither has much originality or promise.

A Daughter of Heth.—Good. Rather too elliptical. The beginning is amusing, but if you come to think of it, it has too little to do with the rest to have a justifiable place in so short a sketch. In the hero's name and his point of view, there is some confusion of thought which might be cleared away if you filled up the story a little.

Benoni.—A very exciting story. You might offer it to a children's magazine. A little more description of the Indians would give it a greater stamp of reality.

Bread and Butter.—Good sensation, but you should re-write it. Make a little more of the attempted murder at sea. Emphasize the character and appearance of the villain, and if you have an affection for your heroine, invent some incidents to explain more clearly her conduct at Nice. The composition is poor and slipshod. If you use French words, let them be correct.

Damaris.—Very carefully written. By all means send it to a religious periodical.

D. M. B.—All of them very fair, none of them very good. They lack distinctness. Lines 4 and 6 of No. 3 (Ways of Life) want strengthening. In No. 4, "wild pell-mell" sounds funny, considering the neighbourhood that was inspiring you.

E. J. M.—"Maid," I think is better. Verse 2 is very stiff and clumsy. Omit it or change it entirely. And the moralising strain in verse 4 is out of place. Try again the next time the same inspiration visits you.

Elise.—The dedication is very pretty. But you could possibly substitute better lines for "If they have hidden, etc.," and "If you should like, etc." The sonnet is much less good. There is a mistake in the first three lines, but it is the whole rather than any part that is faulty.

En Regle.—With a braver thought you might have made better verse.

Erica.—There are many shrewd remarks in your interesting paper, and the illustrative passages have been well selected. But your audience must have found difficulty in following you sometimes. There is a good deal of confusion in the thoughts, or in your method of expressing them. On p. 1, the distinction between social and moral relationship is not clear. Nor is it easy to see what you mean by the Shakesperian quality of "self-revelation." In your remarks on Gretchen and the other, you forget that Faust was Faust and Arthur only Arthur. As I have seen nothing else you have written, I cannot advise you to persevere in, or refrain from, other kinds of writing. You have evidently something to say, and should try to cultivate

much greater precision of expression. Also, in an essay of this kind, you should draw out a plan before writing a single word.

F. M.—Very poor.

FRANCIS VILLON.—You must read and study Bunyan, or some equally simple and English writer, to counteract your inordinate use, and abuse, of Latin words. There is a terrible sentence on p. 14, beginning, "In a mood," but there are numerous examples on every page of your preference for such phrases as "incipient conviction," when "first thought" would be better. Omit most of the interpolations like "I calculated," "I have intimated," "in my poor words," etc. "This lake-island . . . had been the agent of my exaltation into a paradise"; "opinions susceptible to prejudice," are bad. It is all very well to imitate the grandiose style once in a way, but try something else now. The subject has not much human interest, but the story, or sketch, is far from worthless.

G. C. M.—The plan of the story is good enough, though rather hackneyed. But the composition is slovenly in the extreme. Your vocabulary is rather poor, and you make mistakes in the use of words. One does not "betake" of a repast. The conversations are uncommonly dull, and the jolly monarch had much too keen a sense of humour to act as you make him do in the old dame's cottage.

HAPPY SPRINGTIME.—Fair. A little juvenile for your years. The "circumstances" of the legend you have invented are not very happy. The birth of the snowdrop should have been placed at a date long before the possibility of the existence of a little girl who lisps in English, and lives in a house in "grounds." Don't hurry into manuscript.

HURRY.—The story has evidently suffered a good deal in the cutting down and revision. There is an unaccountable jump in the narrative, for instance, in chapter II. It still wants a great deal of revision from the mere writing point of view. Grammar and construction are shaky and uncertain. You might make a popular story out of this. The heroine is rather like a saucy little nursemaid in love with a redcoat, but if you choose your circle of readers wisely, it might be found very acceptable.

H. L.—The incident in itself is pathetic, but you exhaust a reader's patience with unnecessary details, and by a very monotonous style of narrative in the first part. The introduction might be omitted, and some of the numerous and not always apt quotations. It is difficult to understand your use of inverted commas. Something could be made of the story, and a Scotch newspaper might take it if you were to improve the beginning.

ISSIJ.—Fair. Evidently the work of a beginner, and it would be useless to send it to a magazine. You are in want of good models. Keep your colloquialisms out of your narrative; only permit yourself to use them in conversations.

J. C.—You should prune your eloquence. Your vocabulary is very exuberant, and though it might pass muster on the platform, when examined as literary work a good deal of it is found to be shoddy. The adjectives are mostly exaggerated. Leave a little of the effect to be produced by the imagination of your hearers or readers. The sentence, "Unknown to fame, etc.," ends in bathos. The picture of Luther emerging with brasen (*sic*) brow from the thorny jungles of penance, holding aloft the Bible in one hand, with the other smiting the godless shrine, is magnificent, but a little ridiculous. There are too many hackneyed quotations—one of them a misquotation, and Watts should be Watt. The sentence beginning, "If printed by thousands, etc.," is unworthy of admission into a serious address. Allow yourself few adjectives, and only short sentences, and your eloquence will have a surer effect.

J. PEW.—The ghost story is fairly good, but the introduction, with all its housekeeping details, is dull and out of place. The fact that the high-born young lady condescended to put up with the inconvenience of the country might have been told in one page. I'd omit the first part, and develop the ghost a little more.

KASBAH.—The Morocco article is very good indeed. But "in the use of" had better have been "by the use of," and in a serious article like this it is perhaps best not to call a cigarette "a fellow-spirit to the languor of the South." The other is good too. It keeps one's attention. But it is less well written. "My uncle being a believer in the advantages accruing to the practice of being by an hour ahead of every one else in the matter of sleep" is an example of a sentence to be avoided. The apology on p. 5 is too long—it stops the flow of the narrative.

LIBRETTIST.—The only test of such things is to have them acted. If this one amuses your friends, as acted by amateurs in a drawing-room, it is good for its purpose. Its success would evidently greatly depend on the broad comedy powers of those who took the bailiff and the aunt's parts. As it does not aim at being literature, it is unfair to criticise it as such. The metrical part does not flow so easily as it might, but the music may help it. The situation is rather forcedly funny, even for a farce.

MARY CROMWELL.—I cannot give you much encouragement. The story has one fatal fault—it is dull. It is written in an awkward style, too. "Amplitude well in hand" is a queer description of young people's plumpness.

M. T.—Good and promising; but is it a song?

NANCY SCOTT.—A very innocent little story. If you publish it change the title. It would cruelly deceive young authors. And before trying to publish it, it would be well to revise it. It is full of colloquialisms and provincialisms. Be sparing of "got's" and "get's." Don't "read *at* a newspaper." To "*lend* advice" is not a received expression, but it is a good one.

OÛTIS.—The metre is very faulty, especially in the latter half. If you had read it aloud once you could never have sent it in this form. It is a difficult metre to manage. The thought is rather commonplace.

PRINCESS COMO.—It is hardly worthy of the subject to rhyme "Tongue" with "Tennyson." How many syllables has "quietude"? The verses are not good. It is a great but very common mistake to confuse strong feeling with poetic impulse.

RAB.—Not very good. The thoughts are pretty enough. I can't understand the first one—am doubtful whether to read "come" or "comes" (line 2), and "born" or "borne" (line 8).

ROSEMARY.—First verses good. It begins to lose the simplicity, which is the first essential of a subject of this kind, at "Is there for ye no note." The thought and images are too crowded. "Goblet diamond-studded" sounds harsh. The verse, "Ye start," is a little ridiculous. The metre is sometimes faulty, *e.g.*, "Rushed far, etc." It is quite as good as the average of such verse.

SIGNUM.—Cheerful, and therefore not wanting in merit. But as verse it is rather jingly, and the wording is artificial. "Ditty meet" is a poor description of a lark's song. The exigencies of rhyme control your words overmuch, *e.g.*, in the last verse, where you suddenly and incorrectly change the tense.

TENERORUM LUSOR AMORUM.—Not very good. They are of too limited interest even for album verses. No. 1 is much the best, but its character is changed (for the worse) by the slang in the middle.

VERA.—Whether it has caught the spirit of its model, I can't tell, but it is a very pretty little lyric.

WOODBINE.—No, these won't do. You have chosen a most unfortunate metre and form for your verses.

W. H. J.—Good enough as a story, but you could do nothing with it in its present condition. It needs to be rewritten, on account of the repetitions, carelessly formed sentences, misspellings, etc., which occur throughout, and some of which I have marked in the MS.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

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[*See p.* 22.]

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2. The Master Builder, by Henrik Ibsen. 5s. (Heinemann.)
3. The Earth's History, by Dr. R. D. Roberts. 5s. (Murray.)
4. The Great Book Collectors, by C. J. Elton and Mary A Elton. 6s. net. (C. Kegan Paul.)
5. English Prose Selections, edited by Henry Craik. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
6. The Germ-Plasm, by A. Weismann. 6s. (Walter Scott.)

LONDON, E.C.

1. Fairbairn's Christ in Modern Theology. 12s. (Hodder.)
2. Ramsay's Church and the Roman Empire. 12s. (Hodder.)
3. Lang's Homer and the Epic. 10s. net and L.P. 50s. (Longmans.)
4. Gale's Country Muse. Second Series. 3s. 6d. net. (Nutt.)
5. Maclaren on the Psalms. 7s. 6d. (Hodder.)
6. Books for Lent and Easter. Various.

The special feature of the month has been the run upon the privately printed works of Norman Gale, and the rapid increase of price of his books.

LIVERPOOL.

1. Border Edition O'd Mortality. 2 vols. 12s.
2. Badminton Library. 10s. 6d. vols.
3. Irish Idylls. 6s.
4. Do the Dead Return. 2s. 6d.
5. Weismann's Germ Plasm. 6s.
6. Fairbairn's Christ in Modern Theology. 12s.

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Mr. Norman Gale: A Country Muse.
2. Chambers' Encyclopædia.
3. Dr. Pearson: National Life and Character.
4. Dr. Fairbairn: Christ in Modern Theology.
5. Professor Ramsay: The Church in the Roman Empire.
6. Sir Arthur Gordon: The Earl of Aberdeen.

Mr. Gale's reputation is steadily increasing in Birmingham. Many inquiries are made for his prose work, 'A June Romance,' copies of which are difficult to obtain.

BRADFORD.

1. A Thousand Miles in Wharfedale. Edmund Bogg. 2s.
2. Christ in Modern Theology. Fairbairn. 12s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
3. Evolution of Religion. Caird. 2 vols. 14s. net. (Maclehose.)
4. Memoranda Sacra. Harris. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
5. York. Raine. (Historic Towns.) 3s. 6d. (Longmans.)
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3. The Humours of Italy. 3s. 6d.
   " " France. 3s. 6d.
   " " Germany. 3s. 6d. (Scott.)
4. Green's Short History. 8s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

BURNLEY.

Nansen's First Crossing of Greenland, 2 vols. 36s. (Longman.)

No new books selling. Business nearly at a standstill through Oldham cotton spinners' strike.

SUNDERLAND.

1. Rob Roy. Border edition. (Nimmo.)
2. Church Year Book. (S.P.C.K.)
3. Aberdeen. Queen's Prime Ministers. (Low.)
4. Great Preachers. (Low.)

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